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The Week

THE Governors of the drought states—including Mr. Landon—conferred amicably with President Roosevelt about the situation and agreed upon a relief program, which the President outlined in a radio address on Sunday evening. . . . A revised budget estimate, made necessary by increased expenditures on the bonus and drought relief, was issued by the administration. Outgo will be a little more than a billion dollars larger than was estimated in January; income will be slightly larger; the estimated deficit will therefore be $2,097,000,000 instead of $1,098,000,000, and the national debt will be $34,000,000,000. The deficit will be the smallest of the New Deal, and smaller than in the Hoover fiscal years 1932 and 1933. . . . Minor Republicans, including Vice-Presidential Candidate Knox, continued campaigning, while the Democrats have not yet opened fire with heavy artillery. . . . Father Coughlin was indirectly rebuked by the official Vatican newspaper for his violent tirades against Mr. Roosevelt. . . . The expected happened when the unions composing the C.I.O. declined to resign from it before the time limit set by the A.F. of L. Executive Council, and so were suspended. . . . The Rust cotton-picking machine worked in a public trial, although imperfections were pointed out by cotton growers. . . . Harvard celebrated its Tercentenary with reports on the state of the universe and of mankind by leading scholars from all over the world. . . . The Third World Power Conference, with 3,000 delegates from fifty nations, opened with a speech by Secretary Hull urging the dedication of science and technique to the cause of peace.

FRANCE responded to Germany's threat of an enlarged regular army by greatly increased appropriations for airplanes, mechanized equipment and means of defense, and accompanied this step, which will largely increase the budgetary deficit, by a plea for an arms-limitation agreement. . . . The Spanish rebels captured Irun on the northern seacoast and threatened San Sebastian, while the government, under a new Cabinet headed by Largo Caballero, the Socialist leader, announced successes in driving back General Franco in the south. . . . Schacht of the German Reichsbank visited Paris and discussed currency policy, perhaps other things as well. . . . Further gains of German diplomacy in Southeastern Europe were foreshadowed by political moves in Jugoslavia, which, like Rumania, is a member of the Little Entente, formerly under French influence. Czechoslovakia, the third member, appears to be in danger of isolation. . . . At the same time, however, military bonds between Poland and France were rewoven by a visit of the Polish Chief of Staff to Paris and a credit for Polish armament. . . . In the Far East, the Nanking government conciliated Kwangsi and Kwangtung Provinces, which had been threatening revolt unless war against Japanese aggression was undertaken. A conference between the Nationalist government and Japan impends, at which Japan will present new demands. . . . A naval race between Japan, Britain and the United States started when Great Britain announced her intention to utilize the "escalator clause" of the naval agreement. . . . Premier Blum's neutrality in regard to Spain was under heavy attack by the French Communists, and the People's Front appeared to be weakening.

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THE week before Labor Day was a series of triumphs for the Spanish fascists. In the north they captured the border city of Irun, thus cutting all communication between France and the loyal Spanish cities on the Bay of Biscay. They are almost certain to take San Sebastian, and they may possibly go on to conquer the whole of this northwest coast —although, after reaching Bilbao, they will have to fight a desperate army of twenty thousand Asturian miners. But the importance of the fighting in this isolated sector was exaggerated by the newspaper correspondents who had such a perfect view of the battle. The really threatening advances made by the fascists during the week were, first, up the Tagus Valley to Talavera, a town only seventy miles from Madrid, and second, south of Saragossa to a point from which they may possibly cut the only railroad line connecting Madrid with the seacoast. . . . But suddenly at the end of the week the cables from Spain took on another color. There was a new government in Madrid, including not only Left Republicans but also representatives of the Socialist and Communist Parties and the labor unions—the organizations that have done most for the defense of the republic. One of the first acts of the new Prime Minister, Largo Caballero, was to appoint a commander in chief of the government armies (and evidently a good one). A second act was to recall the crazy expedition to the Balearic Islands which had diverted 6,000 men to the point where they were needed least. They will now fight the fascists south of Saragossa, defending the railroad line. A third act resulting from the new government policy was a defeat inflicted on the fascists in the Tagus Valley, with the insurgents driven back fifteen miles "in a series of frontal and flank attacks from the hills." The phrase "flank attacks" is significant, being about the first indication of military strategy on the part of the government forces. On Monday the loyalists were on the offensive everywhere, except at San Sebastian. They have the majority of the nation behind them, and most of the factories. Fascism will have to win in a month, or not at all.

THE French People's Front may be temporarily united by the threat of an increased German army and the new expenditures decided upon to meet it, but the coalition is in danger of disruption over Premier Blum's non-intervention policy in Spain. Though Irun is situated only a few hundred yards from the French border, its defenders had to abandon it for lack of cartridges, while the fascist attackers were abundantly supplied with modern equipment from abroad. From the very beginning of the Spanish rebellion, the Rightists in France, who are perfectly aware of the fact that every Spanish royalist killed by fascist guns increases their future chances and who hope that the discouragement following another advance of fascism may disorganize the French Leftist ranks, did not hesitate to start a violent campaign for the blockade, though a Spanish rebel victory is contrary to the most obvious national interests of France. Thanks to her geographical position, France could have supplied the loyalists much faster and much more abundantly than Italy and Germany could have supplied the rebels. Blum's surrender to fascist intimidation at home and abroad has already provoked the first serious dissension within the People's Front. The Communists, the Socialist Left, the Young Radicals and the trade unions are conducting a vigorous campaign for lifting the "sanctions against Spain." For the moment the crisis has culminated in a one-hour protest strike of 300,000 workers in munitions factories.

WITH the suspension of the ten C.I.O. unions last Saturday, the American Federation of Labor is now but one step removed from a complete break and open civil conflict. The next and final step to be taken—perhaps at the Tampa convention in November—is the expulsion of these unions, which comprise roughly 40 percent of the Federation's 3,000,000 membership. The consequences of such drastic action are so appalling to contemplate, however, that the die-hard craft unionists who dominate the Federation's Executive Council may still be forced to change their minds. For while they unquestionably have the two-thirds vote necessary to revoke a charter—now that the suspended unions are barred from voting at the convention—it is equally evident that such a vote would not represent a true expression of the Federation's rank-and-file membership. This is most clearly shown in the simple fact that the suspension order has been vigorously protested by innumerable craft-union locals, by sixteen out of eighteen state federations that have held recent meetings and by many central labor unions, including those from the largest cities. These protests, coming from bodies that meet more frequently and permit a more democratic expression of rank-and-file sentiment than is possible in most of the International unions, are extremely significant. The state and local bodies are plainly not eager to have their strength, meager as it is, divided further and disrupted by a prolonged internecine war. The idea of rule or ruin may seem an attractive policy to the reactionaries of the Executive Council, but it has little appeal for those who must suffer its consequences on the firing line. They want unity.

IT NOW appears to be the intention of John L. Lewis and his colleagues on the C.I.O. to boycott the Tampa convention and to let their suspension—even their expulsion—from the A.F. of L. go by default. This policy, it seems to us, is regrettable. Every possible weapon should be used to prevent the die-hards of the Executive Council from splitting the labor movement, and the most obvious weapon is to use the courts in fighting the suspension order, which was probably illegal. According to the Federation's own constitution, the Executive Council has no power to suspend a union or revoke a charter except when ordered by a two-thirds vote

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of a national convention. Obviously, the Council exceeded its powers in suspending the C.I.O. unions. It had no such mandate from any convention. It is altogether probable, of course, that a legal fight to establish the right of the suspended unions to vote at Tampa would not be settled by the time of the convention. Yet it would lay the basis for declaring any acts of the convention invalid if the C.I.O. unions are illegally denied their votes—votes that would make it impossible for the Executive Council to muster the necessary two-thirds vote for expulsion. The leaders of the C.I.O. should avoid being placed in a position of which it might be said that they did not do their utmost to prevent a split. At a time when the Executive Council has no concern except its own selfish interests, theirs is the responsibility to preserve the unity of labor.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's report to the country about the drought program, after his tour of the region and the conference of Governors, was sane and reassuring. There will be no wholesale exodus from the region. Relief for those able to work will be supplied from federal funds, and the work will be varied according to the needs of the locality—in some cases consisting of building small ponds or otherwise improving water conservation, in other cases consisting of terracing or land improvement. Loans will be available as previously for seed, feed and livestock. All this will be knitted into the long-time soil-conservation program. One sentence hinted approval of the Department of Agriculture's maturing scheme for an "ever normal granary"—by which crop insurance would be combined with a holding of crop surpluses in good years for use in bad ones. In the latter part of his speech the President turned away from the immediate subject to stress the familiar themes of the economic interdependence of city and country populations, and the benefit that private business has derived from unemployment relief. Particularly significant was his recommendation that employers needing men utilize the new Federal Employment Service, and his announcement that additional funds had been allocated to improve it. A good coördinated employment service is essential for efficient administration of relief, and as a basis for unemployment insurance.

IN Milwaukee last week, after six months of stubborn resistance, the Hearst-owned Wisconsin News finally swallowed an extremely bitter pill. It signed an agreement that gives its editorial employees, on strike since February, and the Milwaukee Newspaper Guild a substantial victory. Immediately after the ordeal, to be sure, Mr. H. M. Bitner, general manager of the Hearst newspapers, put on a fine show of bravado with the hope no doubt of making the public believe that no pill had been swallowed at all. "The Wisconsin News," he said, "made no settlement with the Guild." If that makes Mr. Bitner feel better, the Guild is unlikely to object. All of the striking employees have been reëmployed under working conditions superior to those prevailing before the strike. They now have a forty-hour, five-day week, minimum wages ranging from $25 for cubs to $40 for those with three years' experience, time off for overtime, sick leave and a grievance committee. It is true that these conditions were not made part of a contract with the Guild, and so the Hearst management can claim that it has not recognized the Guild. The agreement was in the form of a bulletin-board announcement, signed by the manager of The Wisconsin News and witnessed by the president of the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor and other labor officials. Thus the extent of Mr. Hearst's victory is that he has avoided direct recognition of the Guild by recognizing the entire organized labor movement of Wisconsin. It is worth noting that the Guild was willing to accept precisely such a settlement four months ago and that the Hearst management was adamant until last week, when the Milwaukee Trades Council threatened to place the paper on labor's unfair list. It begins to look as though the experience in Seattle, where the unfair list has been a decisive factor in forcing The Post-Intelligencer to suspend publication for more than four weeks, has made Mr. Hearst a little less eager to pick a fight with organized labor.

AMERICANS reading the article on "Spain: Church against Republic" on page 145 of this issue of The New Republic may rightly conclude that the bitter hostility of a large part of the Spanish population toward the Catholic Church is not a wicked, senseless or communist-inspired hatred of religion itself, but rather a natural resentment against a reactionary social institution that stands in the way of their aspiration for political and economic freedom. Regrettable as are the human tragedies accompanying the fight against this institution, nothing else could be expected under the circumstances. Nevertheless, we hope that those who have Ku Klux leanings will not use this fact to stir up prejudice against Catholics in this country, thus imitating the deplorable example of Catholics who have used the Spanish events to stir up prejudice against the Spanish government and those who sympathize with it throughout the world. Churches are actively dangerous only when they are established by the State or when they become great propertied interests allied with a repressive ruling class. This position they have occupied in the nations where revolutionary movements have found it necessary to attack them—as in Russia, Spain and Mexico. But the United States from the beginning has been protected against church domination by the clause in our constitutional Bill of Rights forbidding Congress to pass any law respecting the establishment of religion; and by the same token religious freedom of conscience has here been protected from political opposition. Catholics are rightly as free as anyone to practise their religion; we hope they may be wise enough to remain so in this country.

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AN OLD Pacific Coast custom that has been working its way eastward for some ten years has finally reached the Atlantic seaboard with sufficient freshness to land on the front pages of the newspapers. New Yorkers were a little startled to read that Yale University had sold to a commercial sponsor the right to broadcast its football games. Fine Knickerbocker noses became empurpled and Connecticut jowls shook as ancient tories hrrumphed that such goings-on were beneath the dignity of dear old Eli Yale. Well, someone thought otherwise, and irreverent reporters in the follow-up stories pointed out that the custom has now spread to virtually every section of the country. There are numbers of holdouts, of course, and not all colleges that broadcast their football games do so under commercial sponsorship. There is also the situation rather delicately hinted at by an official at Harvard, who was quoted in the press as saying that it is difficult to accept or reject an offer until you have received one. The system of commercial sponsors seems to have reached its greatest development in the Far West, where the Pacific Coast Conference sells the broadcasting rights to all its games for a lump sum and distributes this pro rata to its members. We find ourselves a little slow in working up the proper sense of outrage as we contemplate the custom. Intercollegiate football is already so completely commercialized that to hitch it frankly to the sale of oil, breakfast cereals and washing machines seems to us a gain on the side of candor.

Europe Must Choose

ONE QUESTION before the statesmen of the non-fascist nations of Europe now underlies all others: shall policy be determined by resistance to aggression by the fascist states, or by attempts to satisfy and conciliate them? Which course is ultimately the more likely to make for international peace? Unless this question is firmly decided and unless united action based upon the decision is taken, war is probable in any case.

Let us, before considering further the necessity for this decision, summarize the recent events that indicate the lining up of the powers into a fascist bloc and an anti-fascist one, which confront each other with increasing hostility.

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, in the economic sphere, has attempted successfully to increase German trade and financial relations with the nations of Southeastern Europe, after these nations had been unwilling to approach economic union under the leadership of Czechoslovakia, backed by French and British influence.

Austria, with Mussolini's consent, has contracted an amicable agreement with Germany, the text of which is secret.

By a Cabinet reorganization, Bulgaria has brought into the government two lieutenants of M. Tsankoff, leader of a fascist movement.

In Greece, constitutional democracy under a king supposed to have British leanings has been replaced by a military dictatorship under General Metaxas, a lifelong pro-German. Greece will buy her arms from Germany.

Rumania, which has been friendly to the Soviet Union and recently announced the building of a strategic railway to connect Russia with Czechoslovakia so as to avoid the necessity of contact between these two states through an anti-Soviet Poland, has suddenly turned in the fascist direction by dropping from the government Foreign Minister Titulesco, friend of France and the confirmed opponent of all domestic fascist movements.

Admiral Horthy, Regent of Hungary—long a satellite of Germany—left his country for the first time to confer secretly with Hitler, Schuschnigg, the Austrian dictator, and possibly with Italian and other military authorities as well.

Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's Propaganda Minister, visited Italy to cement German-Italian relations, and conferred with the Italian Press Minister to establish collaboration in anti-communist propaganda.

The Spanish rebellion was begun with German and Italian help, while France and the Soviet Union, and to a less extent Great Britain, favored the constitutional republican government. This rebellion also intensified the anti-communist, anti-democratic attitude of the Vatican.

In Germany, Hitler appears to be on the point of making peace with the Catholic Church in order to cement forces for a war on Communist Russia. On August 30 a pastoral letter was read in all German Catholic churches, urging Church and State to join against communism.

All nations continue to arm to the teeth. Great Britain is rapidly increasing naval and air forces. The Soviet Union reduced the minimum age for military service from twenty-one to nineteen years. A bitter anti-Soviet campaign followed in the German press, as a preliminary step to Hitler's announcement that the term of military service would be increased from one to two years, thus enlarging the regular army to 850,000 men.

As a partial offset to German penetration of Central Europe, there has been a revivifying of the Franco-Polish alliance by an exchange of visits of the chiefs of staff of the two nations. This is probably a response to the increased German threat against Danzig.

There is no question whatever that the authoritarian states clustered about Germany and Italy are taking every opportunity to increase their power and proceed with a carefully formulated program. The non-fascist nations have never yet adopted a unified and consistent attitude toward this aggression. They have blown hot and cold by turns, each at a different time; the net result is a continued retreat. No action was taken on the successive occasions when Germany withdrew from the League, proceeded to build up her army in violation of treaty obligations, and reoccupied the Rhineland. The British even negotiated a naval treaty with Hitler. The League took formal action against Mussolini's aggression in Ethiopia, but not action sufficiently drastic to prevent his victory, although such measures were quite possible. No stand has

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been taken against the cementing of German influence in Austria or other Central European States. In Spain, the Western Powers and the Soviet Union surrendered their right under international law to aid the government and discriminate against the rebels. In each case, the surrender or defeat of the non-fascist states has been directly traceable to the threat, express or implied, that any stronger course would result in a general war, precipitated by Italy or Germany.

There are only two desirable lines of policy to pursue, and the above is not one of them. Britain, France, the Soviet Union and the nations within their sphere of influence might proceed on the assumption that Mussolini and Hitler firmly intend to make war if only they can first establish themselves in a strong enough position. The necessary course required by this assumption is to stop the fascist aggressions short, right where they are, by united and if necessary by forcible action. This might prevent war by depriving Germany, Italy and their satellites of the gains they want to make as a preliminary to a general conflict. It would stop the drift of minor allies to the fascist states, now going on largely because of their firmness and the growing prestige occasioned by their successes. If the challenge produced war now, the non-fascists would have a better chance of winning than they would at some future time, when the fascists were better prepared.

The other clear line of action would be based on the assumption that Germany and Italy have certain legitimate, but limitable, ambitions, and that if these ambitions were satisfied, the danger of war would be removed. Neither the German nor the Italian peoples really want war, and their rulers are well aware of the perils involved. The peoples can be whipped up to it only through a sense of unjust treatment by other nations and a fear of foreign aggression. If this line were chosen, the non-fascist powers would ask Italy and Germany to state their total requirements, and to state them all at once. The non-fascists would then decide which of these demands ought to be or could be granted, and would say, this far we are willing that you should go, and no farther. There would, in this case, be a chance for a negotiated settlement that would obviate the arbitrament of arms.

A continuation of the existing muddled course is the most dangerous of all. The authoritarian states are proceeding on the theory that they can gain limited objectives here, there and everywhere by threatening the peace-loving governments. They are being taught by experience that they can get away with it. The difficulty is that the other nations do not know what the aggressors will try next and are kept in a fever of fear, while the aggressive nations do not really know how far they will be allowed to go. In such a game of bluff, both sides may at any moment be trapped into a showdown that neither really wants. Any new situation or incident, any unexpected turn of politics or sentiment, may bring the crisis. If Hitler and Mussolini really are determined to fight in the end, the present course of their opponents is disastrous. If they are not determined to fight, the present course increases the danger that they may be compelled to do so.

Our Far Eastern Balance Sheet

THE Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Yosemite Park ended, if press reports are reliable, on a note of deep pessimism. The representatives of all the powers with important interests in the Far East who there assembled found it fairly easy to suggest possible bases for an enduring peace, but it was obvious that in most instances they had very little hope that their own and other governments were prepared to accept such proposals. While from day to day or from month to month conciliatory gestures are made and accepted, over a period of years the drift in the Orient is steadily toward increased armament, greater international tension and a higher probability of eventual war.

While the conference was in session there appeared in The Far Eastern Survey, a fortnightly research bulletin of the American Council of the I.P.R., a timely study of America's stake in the Far East. The final section of this, by the secretary of the American Council, Mr. Frederick V. Field, essayed to strike a rough balance between what we are spending in the Far East, and what we get out of it. Mr. Field warned that his figures were only tentative approximations, not to be taken too seriously. They are, nevertheless, highly suggestive and the conclusions that may legitimately be drawn from them are of great importance.

The cost of our foreign service in the Western Pacific can, Mr. Field finds, be determined with some exactness, and is about $1,000,000 a year. Figures for the army are not so easy to ascertain, but may be set at about $11,000,000. We then arrive at the difficult problem of naval expenditures. Mr. Field points out what everyone with eyes in his head knows to be true, that our whole naval policy is based on the problem of the Pacific, and decides that it is not unreasonable to allocate to this area 90 percent of our entire expenditure, or, last year, $589,000,000. This makes the total that we are spending directly to "protect" our stake in the Orient just over $600,000,000.

Turning to the credit side of the balance, we find that our trade with the entire Orient in 1935 was $837,000,000, of which imports were slightly more than $510,000,000 and exports about $326,000,000. But even if you assume that the navy actually protects and fosters trade—certainly a dubious assumption—it exerts this influence only in regard to part of the commerce with the Far East. The only reason for the existence of our navy is as a potential threat to Japan; therefore, our trade with that country certainly cannot be beneficially affected by

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our naval force. Yet 43 percent of our trade is with Japan, which is by far our best Far Eastern customer. Another 24 percent is with Southeastern Asia, and here, also, the navy is of no benefit. In all, Mr. Field estimates that if you agree there is a benefit in naval protection to our trade with such countries as China and the Philippines, we get assistance in regard to 20 to 30 percent, with a value of $167,000,000 to $251,000,000 annually. We must be careful, however, not to confuse the volume of trade with the profit. Setting the return to capital at the liberal estimate of 10 percent, Mr. Field finds that the profit on that part of our trade regarding which our military strength is of any conceivable value is $17,000,000 to $25,000,000.

There is also, of course, the question of our investments in the Orient. These are now roughly $750,000,000, having shrunk, for various reasons, from a maximum total of about one billion. If we estimate the return on such an investment at 6 percent, a high figure as things are going nowadays, the total annual income is $45,000,000, and on that part of the investment regarding which it may be argued that the navy is of any benefit, $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

Mr. Field is careful to point out that the cost of our policy of preparedness does not represent money all of which is sent out of the country and lost. When we build ships, for instance, most of their cost is spent at home, for wages and materials. He does raise the question whether these sums could not be spent in ways more productive, from the standpoint of the entire population—as for example in low-cost housing for the poor.

The question is often asked nowadays whether colonies pay and the answer usually made is that on the whole they do not, at least in terms of the entire national economy. It is pretty clear, however, that they pay, and pay well, for certain extremely limited groups in the country that acquire them. Mr. Field, carrying the argument one step further, asks whether our entire Far Eastern policy pays, and comes to a parallel conclusion. For the country as a whole, it is clearly a bad investment, since we are spending $600,000,000 annually, at the most conservative estimate, to protect profits and interests of less than $300,000,000. The cost is borne by the taxpayers of the country as a whole; the profits accrue to an extremely limited number of comparatively wealthy individuals. Mr. Field shrewdly points out that if we really wished to increase our Oriental trade, and the profit it earns, we would be much better advised to reduce our present tariffs, which help to keep down that trade, rather than to build more battleships. But our present tendency is to increase these tariffs instead of reducing them.

We do not need Mr. Field's figures, striking as they are, to know that from the standpoint of the country as a whole, our present policy is an economic blunder of the first magnitude. Trade is promoted when the atmosphere is that of peace and friendliness, not that of increasing hostility. A war in the Orient would probably bankrupt all participants and would certainly, if it lasted even a few weeks, cost more than the possible value of trade and investment for decades. In the meantime, if we suspended all trade with the Orient, abandoned all investment there, and reimbursed our business men and financiers to the total amount of their annual losses, the country would be better off by at least $300,000,000 a year and probably by $600,000,000, since our military establishment which, as Mr. Field says, is aimed almost entirely at Japan, is now costing well over a billion dollars annually. But the real truth is that our Far Eastern policy is not intended to pay, and the little group of men in the government and in big business who make that policy know that it does not pay. President Roosevelt and the rest of the big-navy group, if they speak frankly, will say that primarily our Far Eastern policy is intended to maintain our prestige, to "hold up our end."

Three powers, and only three, are struggling for supremacy in the Western Pacific—Great Britain, Japan and the United States. Great Britain and Japan are both imperialist powers whose populations live in crowded, small islands, dependent, or believing themselves dependent, upon food supplies from overseas, to obtain which necessitates heavy foreign trade and direct control of colonies and dependencies. But the United States has a vast self-contained area. Under proper methods it can provide its own food for centuries to come. Whatever may be said for the British or the Japanese policy in the Orient—and we believe that in terms of ultimate wisdom very little can be said for them—the policy of the United States does not make sense from any point of view except that of a handful of capitalists who are content to let the government spend $2 or $3 to earn $1 for them. There was never a better example of wishful thinking and muddied sentimentalism than when the President and his friends argue that it is necessary, for the national welfare, that the United States maintain a strong military position in the Pacific.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

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Spain: Church against Republic

THE SILENCE of the American press on the part the Catholic Church has played in the Spanish rebellion constitutes an important omission in the understanding of the atrocity stories involving nuns, monks, priests and churches that have been widely printed in this country since the revolt began. No one would deny that members of Catholic orders and clergy have been killed and that churches have been sacked and burned. What can be most emphatically denied, however, is that the Catholic clergy have been killed as innocent bystanders and that the churches were sacked and burned simply because the people had a fiendish desire to see a good fire.

In a very real sense the Catholic priesthood has had its hand in the plotting of the revolt and, once the revolt started, the clergy became virtual combatants, even though they may not have carried rifles or operated machine guns. As plotters they were entitled to little more consideration than a soldier committing treason, and for taking an active part in the ensuing combat they could no more expect immunity from attack than could any other rebels.

I happened to be in Granada when the revolt started and for a month I was stranded there with some twenty-five other Americans, unable to move out of the city. We witnessed the rebels take over the city, heard and saw the hand-to-hand street fighting that followed, looked on from the heights of the Alhambra while the workingmen's district was bombed and shelled and, in general, were able to pick up many specific details of the terror that has since gripped the city. When we were finally flown out of Granada (in a German Junkers plane operated by the rebels), Granada was still in the hands of the rebels, albeit it was a beleaguered city, surrounded on all sides by enemy territory. But should Granada fall into the hands of the government forces, I should be very much surprised if the new conquerors would be so stupid as to show much tenderness toward the Catholic clergy there or manifest much respect for their homes and churches.

Decades of greed and corruption have left the clergy and the Church little enough honor, anyway, but by plotting, aiding and abetting what has become one of the greatest slaughters of a civilian population in the world's history, the Church has surely forfeited all claim to mercy. It has proved itself, during this rebellion as never before, quite incapable of reform. It can now hope to exist in Spain only arm-in-arm with a military dictatorship of the greatest severity and it will have to be liquidated when that dictatorship is overthrown.

The clergy's participation in the revolt in Granada could be seen with the naked eye and there is no reason to believe that the situation was otherwise elsewhere in Spain. I know, because I saw them, that in Granada's church towers and steeples machine guns were placed and that they were used against a civilian population resisting an armed revolt against an elected government. I know—again because I saw it with my own eyes—that the churches of Granada were used as barracks for the fascist organizations and the rebel militia and I know that in at least one church in Granada—the Church of San Geronimo—considerable ammunition was stored. In the tower of the Cathedral of Granada there were two machine guns pointing out on the adjoining square. From the heights of the Alhambra we could see armed men firing from the towers of various churches. In the rectory of the little church just back of the incomplete Charles V Palace on the Alhambra Hill artillerymen were lodged and fed. And of all the shocking sights I saw in the Spanish civil war none could compare with the spectacle of the priest of this little church joking, talking and smoking with soldiers who at that moment were engaged in firing cannon from the Alhambra Hill down into the working-class district.

Instead of constituting sanctuary the churches have become armed fortresses. If, in the course of events, the fascist-military revolt fails and the duly elected government again gains control, it will be only natural that these fortresses will be attacked.

The professional weeping over the damage done to the national monuments of Spain—which are mostly churches—amounts at times to a hysterical scream. The Spanish military authorities are good at it, but many of our American and English newspapermen are positively brilliant. They break down at the erroneous news that a rose window in the Seville Cathedral has been shattered by flying shrapnel. They collapse in grief when the military announce, again falsely, that the Mesquita at Cordoba has been shelled. They put on deep mourning when that chatterbox of a general, Queipo de Llano, declares in his virtually continuous radio talks from Seville that the Alhambra at Granada has been half-destroyed by "Red" bombers. When Queipo made that announcement we were sitting only about 100 feet from the Alhambra. It was then 10 o'clock in the evening and we had left the Alhambra quite intact at 6:30. Queipo, the only radio-news source the Andalusians have, had been grossly inaccurate before and we were not unduly concerned. What had happened that afternoon was that the Hotel Washington Irving, on the Alhambra Hill, had been struck by a bomb. The hotel, owned and operated by the secretary of the Hispano-America Bank of Granada who was, incidentally, the chief financial backer of the coup there, happened to be the un-

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official fascist headquarters of the city. Three of the chief fascist families of the city had moved up there to escape the bombings of the city below. Ironically enough, the deaths from that afternoon's bombs were confined to those three families.

After the Asturian revolt in October, 1934, one of the more prominent English journalists went through Oviedo counting the altars missing from even the more insignificant churches, but neglecting almost completely the massacre of the civilian population by the Foreign Legion. The correspondents during this later revolution seem to be far more interested in the dislodging of a cathedral stone than in the shelling of a district like the Albayzin, in Granada, or the almost complete destruction, with great loss of life, of Triana, the working-class town across the Guadalquivir from Seville.

They will print long stories of the Red terror instituted by the leftist committees in Malaga without bothering too much about the daily volleys of the execution squad that can be heard in any fascist-controlled city. And if proof be needed of the disinterestedness of the majority of our correspondents in the white terror that now grips fascist Spain, I could cite Badajoz. Dozens of the foreign correspondents went to see the taking of this fortress near the Portuguese border by the rebel troops. One of the English correspondents claimed (in his dispatch) that he had made the trip from north to south in Spain under fire, when as a matter of fact he had motored leisurely through safe and neighborly Portugal. The correspondents who visited Badajoz had nothing but praise for the ability of Franco's soldiers in capturing this seemingly impregnable fort.

It was nine days later that Jay Allen, of The Chicago Tribune, went to Badajoz unescorted by the military and came out with almost indescribable details of the mass murders that have taken place since the military occupation in the Plaza de Toros of that city. I know Allen; I started with him from Gibraltar on his trip to Badajoz, but was unable to finish the journey. And I know him as one of the few reporters who understand Spain; he has lived there and worked there for a long time and who is at the same time competent, impartial and conscientious. But even if I had not known his work, I would still believe his account in full if for no other reason than that I had been able to confirm in Granada something of the same type of massacres he describes in Badajoz.

In Granada the condemned were taken every morning and every evening alive to the cemetery and there apparently shot down in front of the pits dug for them during the day. We naturally could not witness the actual executions, but the evidence that there were executions was conclusive. The trucks carrying soldiers and civilians went past our hotel on the way to the cemetery every morning and every night. Without fail we would hear the volley of shots a few minutes after the trucks went up and always, a few minutes later, the trucks would come back down, this time without the civilians. Some days we counted as many as seventy civilians who made this trip, on others there were as few as twenty-five. The more bombs that had been dropped on Granada the more prisoners would go up the hill the next day. The military were quite frank in admitting in their newspaper and over the radio that for every bomb dropped five prisoners—generally members of the Popular Front—would be executed as reprisal.

In the face of such terror it is difficult for the Spaniard to be very apprehensive over the fate of his country's national monuments. The Alhambra, for example, is a precious monument, unique and irreplaceable, but even it can scarcely be so precious as a decent, healthy, literate and free Spain. But should the Alhambra be damaged in the course of the civil war the fault must lie with the rebels, who, from the beginning of hostilities, have fortified it. Within seventy-five or a hundred feet of the entrance to the Moorish palace they have placed cannon. Soldiers carrying rifles have been allowed to tramp freely through the Alhambra, using the towers as vantage points from which to snipe at the resisting population below. After the one bombing of the Alhambra Hill a group of Granada's prominent citizens published a protest against what might have been the destruction of the monument. They would have been better advised to protest against the original arming of the monument.

Although the Vatican has been relaying to the world press almost daily atrocity stories of crimes committed against its holy orders in "Red" Spain, it is significant that we have heard nothing of any attempt to constrain its partisans in "white" Spain from continuing the carnage. On the contrary, the clergy has been active in appealing for every kind of aid, from money to enlistments, to help along the "holy war to save Spain from the Marxist hordes." The archbishop at Granada has blessed companies of the Civil Guard being sent out to "pacify" rebellious villages and the cardinal at Seville has put his stamp of approval on the revolt by presiding at a mass in the Seville Cathedral at which, in the presence of General Franco and talkative Queipo, the old monarchist flag was restored.

It is the unconfirmed belief of most men in Spain that the Church has largely financed the rebellion, albeit Juan March and the Italians have received most of the credit. Fabulously rich as he is, not even March could quite operate a war which seems to have a hundred different fronts. And as for the Italians, their help has probably been not so much one of money as of materials. It is noteworthy that many of the monasteries and nunneries that have been pillaged have yielded rich supplies of bank notes.

It is difficult to see how the war could have been carried on without some financial aid from the Church. Inroads had been made into the Church's wealth since February 6, but it remained very rich.

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The problem of financing the revolt is not only one of buying supplies from outside the country. Inside Spain itself there has been an everlasting cry for more pesetas to pay the soldiers. To supply this need public subscription booths have been opened in every city, town and village held by the rebels.

The intimations, heard in various Catholic pulpits of New York lately, that the Church in Spain has been forced into company with the rebels because of the inhumane treatment by the Popular Front government, is the purest nonsense. The Church in Spain has ever been flagrantly political. Since the fall of the monarchy it has been violently anti-republican and when restoration of the king seemed distant it turned fascist. It is common knowledge in Spain, for example, that the outlawed Falange Española, which constituted the background of the revolt in so many cities, kept its membership intact and held its secret meetings in church properties until its final emergence into the open on July 18.

The Church has owned railroads, banks and mines as well as land and treasures. Probably it has been the largest single employer in Spain, and when workers have reflected on the smallness of their wages they have easily made conclusions not flattering to the clergy. The result has been that, except in a few isolated provinces like Navarre, a church-going laborer is a rarity. I doubt, in fact, if there is any country in Europe, except Russia, in which so few people go to church. I have been, for instance, to high and low mass in the Seville Cathedral many times and I have rarely seen more than twenty-five or thirty worshippers there at a time. Barely fifty civilians attended a special Thanksgiving mass in Granada's cathedral just after the revolt. I have never seen anyone but priests worshiping either in the Cordoba or Toledo Cathedrals. The fact is that priest-ridden Spain long ceased to be Catholic Spain.

The Pope is said to be almost prostrated because of worry over Spain. It seems to this humble and occasional church-goer that a decade or more ago, when His Holiness was younger and stronger, he might have made an effort to infuse some true Christian humility into what has been for centuries an arrogant oligarchy of clergymen.

ROBERT NEVILLE.

"Thank You, Father, So Sweet"

HARDLY a week passes but the name of the Reverend Major J. Divine makes the daily press in some connection. Recognized as "good copy," the least exploit of the diminutive Harlem cult leader is chronicled. At one time he is buying a new "heaven" for his followers. Today he is leading them on a joyful boat ride to the "promised land." Again he is in court. Now he is parading with the Communists. Now he is denouncing trade unions. Now he is being courted by politicians of all faiths. Now he is denying that he ever denied that he is God.

It was not always so. As recently as 1930 he was practically unknown. In the seclusion of Sayville, Long Island, he went his quiet way unheralded by the press. Even the Negro journals seemed unaware of his existence. His deeds and ideas then were known only to the faithful few. Today he has a worldwide following, incredibly claimed to number 20,000,000, who know their leader as Father Divine and ecstatically hail him as God.

His rise from obscurity to his present exalted role is recounted in "God in a Rolls Royce"[1] by John Hoshor. Despite the author's evident chauvinism, he seems seriously impressed with the career of his subject. In a subtitle Mr. Hoshor poses the question: "Madman, Menace, or Messiah?" The earnestness of his presentation leaves the impression that the author is all but ready to accept God in a Rolls Royce if not in a black skin.

Coming at a time when poverty, confusion and insecurity are everywhere, Father Divine appears serene and mysteriously affluent. In a period of war and rumors of war, he offers "Peace" as a greeting, as a byword and as an objective. Lured more by the abundance of his banquet table than by the audacity of his theological claims, the economically disadvantaged and the socially outcast have flocked to his banner in large numbers and with boundless fervor. Added to these are the spiritually starved and those professional cultists perennially in pursuit of elusive happiness. No authentic record of the number of Divine followers is kept; and although they are sufficiently numerous to be reckoned with, there is no evidence to indicate that they remotely approach the number claimed.

The cult itself is curiously compounded of contradictory elements of Christian doctrine and socialist ideology, upon which Divine and his followers have superimposed the religious emotionalism of the plantation church with its unrestrained mass singing, frenzied dancing and rhythmic handclapping. The politico-religious objectives of the movement were set forth at the International Righteous Government Convention which Divine called in New York last winter. These envision the establishment of a utopia of peace, plenty and brotherly love, with the abolition of the profit system attained through faith in Father Divine as God.

The religious base of the cult is plainly rooted in Christian metaphysics incorporating the preachments of earlier teachers of mental healing through faith. Jesus, however, seems to be accepted by the

[1] God in a Rolls Royce, by John Hoshor. New York: Hillman-Curl. 272 pages. $2.50.

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cult more as a historical precedent than as the Messiah. If the spirit of God could be embodied in Jesus the Son nineteen centuries ago, why can it not manifest itself today in the body of Divine, the Father? The miracles attributed to Jesus serve to explain the seeming wonders performed by Father Divine.

Basic in the Divine program is the brotherhood of man. The movement recognizes neither race nor creed. The word "Negro," and other words designating racial classifications, are tabu. No records of the color of adherents is kept. It is apparent, however, from public assemblies that Negroes constitute by far the larger proportion of the following. This is due not alone to the fact that Divine himself is a Negro, nor to any reputed excess of religiosity among Negroes, but rather to restrictive social conditions imposed upon that race.

Divine's negation of race accounts in large measure for the hostility the movement has met in encounters with the courts. Nor does the cult's ban on sex mitigate this enmity. The record of Divine's trial before the late Justice Louis J. Smith of the Supreme Court of Nassau County, New York, is replete with prejudicial remarks made by the court over the objections of James C. Thomas, attorney for the cult leader. Similarly the Socialist Justice Jacob Panken was moved to denounce Divine and communism as the "twin evils of Harlem," following revelation in Children's Court that young white girls were among the inmates of one of Divine's Peace Missions in Harlem.

The inexplicable misalliance between Divine and the Communist Party has occasioned criticism and ridicule. The Divine cohorts participated in the Communist May Day parade in 1935 and have been conspicuous in other demonstrations with Communists. This year, however, Socialists and trade unionists objected to Divine's participation in the united-front parade.

Divine explains: "We are non-partisans. We are willing to coöperate with any party or group that stands for equality, brotherhood and peace. The other parties have been in power and have failed to bring about that brotherhood in which Russia excels the rest of the world. But we do not believe in violence."

Disclaiming "anything in common with the fantastic religion of Father Divine," Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, still asserts that Communists "have much in common with the masses of Negroes who follow Divine; they are our people, they are suffering, toiling masses, they are our brothers and sisters. We will fight for them, for their interests, and we will do everything possible to draw them into a common struggle with us . . . while we reserve to ourselves the right to oppose all such superstitions, in the most effective ways we can find."

The platform enunciated by Divine and adopted with hysterical hosannas by his followers at the International Righteous Government Convention is an amazing hodgepodge of conflicting ideas. To be sure, it is for brotherhood and peace. But it is also for Divine as God, for the censorship of the press and the restriction of the medical profession. It is for the abolition of the profit system and against organized labor. It is for state employment and against social insurance. It is for discipline and control of the masses and against armed force. It is against partisanship, but supports any politician who "acts with righteousness, justice and truth." To attain these ends Divine announced that he was "preparing thousands in New York City to pass the literacy test in the next presidential election."

The convention marked the formal entry of the movement into the political arena. Already partisans of the presidential candidates have sought his support. His forces form an integral part of the new left-sponsored All-Peoples' Party of Harlem. Despite Divine's admission that many of his followers had not qualified to vote, both LaGuardia and O'Brien eagerly sought his support in the last mayoralty campaign in New York City.

Divine seeks to cloak his past in mystery. He first received wide notice in 1932 when residents of Sayville sought to rid the community of the religious headquarters and employment agency he maintained in that town. Convicted of maintaining a public nuisance, he was sentenced by Justice Smith to the maximum penalty of one year in prison and a fine of $500. Then a major Divine "miracle" happened. It had been freely predicted by his followers that should he be convicted and sentenced some dread disaster would befall the court. Justice Smith was aware of these predictions. On Saturday morning he imposed sentence. The following Wednesday night the Justice, who was apparently in sound health, dropped dead without a moment's warning. Divine was made. His prestige soared. On appeal, a new trial was ordered. The case has not since been called.

At that time a probation officer who investigated him said that Divine's real name was George Baker, that he was born in Georgia or on one of the islands off the coast of that state, and that he had preached in Baltimore and other places further south. On all this the cult leader remained unenlightening except to admit that he had worked in the South, but for a number of years past had been in seclusion in Sayville.

Housed in a three-story brick building in Harlem, the home office of the movement is the scene of busy activity of Negro and white secretaries, supervisors and other workers. The activities of the movement are varied and extensive, ranging from agriculture on an upstate farm to the manufacture of dresses in a city factory. Throughout Harlem as well as in other sections of the city, state and nation "Peace Missions" are maintained for the housing of the faithful. "Thank You, Father" restaurants, offering free food to the unemployed and meals at 10 and

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15 cents to others, have sprung up in the Negro districts of the city. It is claimed that 2,500 meals are served daily in the banquet hall of the home office, located at 20 West 115th Street, New York City.

While it is true that Divine has fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, removed the unemployed from the home-relief rolls and reformed others—while all this is true, it is also true that he has broken up homes and propagated a dangerous anti-labor doctrine among a predominantly working-class people. The progress of trade unionism among Negro workers has been definitely impeded by the teachings of Divine. Using the racial discriminations of some unions as a screen, the cult leader has attacked the basic principles of unionism. Organizers in the laundry industry, which employs many Negro women, have been told by some of these workers that they would not join a union because Father Divine said they did not need one. This is an industry in which the invalidation of the minimum-wage law has been followed by drastic wage cuts. In unions in which Divine followers are members, their ideas of the obligations of organization have created difficulties.

Where does Divine get the money with which to conduct his charities? Admission to his meetings is free and no collection is taken. Contributions mailed to him have been returned. Yet food costs money. Houses, automobiles and farms cost money. And he is reported to pay cash for every purchase, none of which is recorded in his name. Much of the labor in his many enterprises is performed by the faithful, whose limited needs are met without payment of wages.

Many answers have been suggested as to the source of Divine's income, some of them as fantastic as that offered by the cult leader himself. His answer is: "The spirit of the consciousness of the presence of God is the source of all supply and will satisfy every good desire. The principle of Christ which enabled Him to feed the multitude still functions today."

Observers have advanced the theories (1) that he "farms" his followers out, confiscating their earnings; (2) that his employed followers voluntarily turn over their wages to him, their cashed-in insurance policies and money received from the sale of property; (3) that some capitalist, or group of capitalists, supplies him with funds in order to divert the masses from revolutionary activity; and (4) "Moscow gold."

It seems most likely that the money comes in small sums secretly contributed by his followers from their wages, with occasional larger gifts from converted insurance policies and the sale of property. According to John Lamb, head of Father Divine's secretariat, adherents who adapt themselves to the new conditions of community living can pay for their needs with less than $5 a week per person. The difference between this sum and their wages, though small, amounts to a great deal of money when multiplied by thousands. Expended with judicious ostentation, it contributes immeasurably to Divine's prestige as a wonder man and a maker of miracles.

A Divine meeting is an occasion not only for worship, but also for mass histrionic expression. There are spontaneous testimonials by those who have been "saved"—worldly experiences of sinners only lately come "to know the truth"—invariably concluded with "Thank you, Father," to which is sometimes added the phrase, "so sweet." There is always plenty of music, solos by vocalists of questionable talent and mass singing with orchestral accompaniment. Incongruously, a religious hymn may be followed by "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" or "Darktown Strutters' Ball." Singing, however, is not enough. It is but the signal for emotional release expressed in mass swaying, eccentric dance steps of some overhappy sisters and rhythmic handclapping.

Into this scene of jubilation Divine steps (always arriving well after the throng has assembled) to be greeted wtih the adulatory refrain: "He's God. He's God. He's God. Father Divine is God," chanted to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." His passage to the platform is followed by craned necks and straining eyes eager for a glimpse of the little man. Seated inconspicuously upon the platform, he awaits his turn for speaking. On the platform with him half the "angels" may be white; but the audience, composed mostly of women, is a vast sea of exultant brown and black faces amid which a few stray whites may be scattered. Disciplined, the audience, which has gone into unreasoned ecstasy as the leader rises to speak, subsides upon his gesture for silence. "Peace," he begins. "Peace, Father. It's truly wonderful," the response comes a thousandfold.

The man is an utterly unimpressive figure. He is dull brown in color, undersized and stockily built. There is nothing of grandeur about him. The back of his bald head is scarred with some long standing wound. In his eyes there is no divine fire and his countenance is undistinguished. Always conventionally attired, he has none of the impressiveness of Prophet Martin, Harlem's towering barefoot street-corner preacher with his great mane of white hair. Nor does he have any of the gaudiness of the preposterous "Daddy" Grace. Unrecognized, he might walk through the streets of Harlem without attracting the slightest attention.

On the platform he is an uninspired speaker, lacking eloquence and violating every canon of oratory. His formless speeches consist of incoherent rhetoric. Words, words, words. Strange, meaningless, unheard of words, punctuated with "Peace," "Now isn't that wonderful?" and with frenzied acrobatic jumpings up and down. The effect is magical. His followers respond with ecstatic hosannas.

"There are millions, there are millions, there are

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millions of blessings," Father Divine may chant in his more lucid moments at any public assembly. "Every day they are multiplied by many, many more. There are trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, duodecillions, decillions and decillions of decillions of blessings."

These countless blessings, the little cult leader now proposes to offer to all humanity through his International Righteous Government movement.

HENRY LEE MOON.

Labor Facts and Fables

IF THE American Iron and Steel Institute were to issue a statement on the morrow declaring that it believed the world to be flat, or some similarly absurd business, it is highly improbable that the papers would treat the matter as serious news. They would be inclined, I suspect, to kid the thing a bit, as they do with the perennial stories about two-headed ducks, three-legged cows and similar freakish phenomena. When it comes to labor news, however, such editorial perspective seems sadly lacking, or at least not often exercised. The most absurd fables about labor, if they happen to issue from a dignified spokesman for industry, will be handled by city editors with care and reverence and served to the public as authentic news. A few recent cases will serve to illustrate.

There is, to begin with, the "Happy-Family" fable. This is an old favorite of employers, and though it is pretty ancient and discredited it rarely fails to get a good play in the press—as it did a few weeks ago when the Iron and Steel Institute used it. The Institute's story was in the form of a special statistical survey designed to prove the munificent character of steel wages by showing that the weekly earnings of steel workers were slightly higher than the average weekly earnings in all manufacturing industries taken together. The Institute's point, plainly enough, was that John L. Lewis and his organizers were simply agitators trying to stir up trouble among handsomely treated employees. Apparently, this seemed so plausible that few, if any, papers bothered to check up on the story in accordance with good newspaper practice.

It was not until Mr. Lewis answered the Institute's handout, some two weeks later, that the reading public got the news that the statement of the steel industry represented "an extraordinary example of the misuse of statistics." Even then the Institute was not answered completely. For Mr. Lewis devoted his reply to a single point: that the Institute's figures were misleading. The average weekly wage in all industry, he observed, represents an average of ninety separate industries, including those like canning, confectionery and cigarette making, in which the labor of women and children is a major factor. "Surely," he said, "there is little ground for the steel industry to take pride in the fact that its wage scale is higher than exists in the canning industry, where labor has been notoriously underpaid, or in the cottonseed-oil industry of the South, where Negro labor has been frightfully exploited."

However, the real objection to the Institute's statistical comparison is not that it distorts the picture but that it completely evades the basic issue. The question is not whether wages in the steel industry are higher than those in other industries, in which conditions may or may not be comparable. The question is simply whether the steel industry itself can afford to pay higher wages than it is now paying. On that point there can be little doubt. That it can is amply revealed in the rapidly mounting profits of the industry. In the first six months of this year, the net profits of nineteen leading steel companies exceeded $44,000,000, an increase of 160 percent over the first half of last year.

Even more to the point, in considering the need for a strong union in steel, is the fact that steel workers have never been rewarded adequately. This is strikingly shown by the net earnings of the U.S. Steel Corporation from the time it was organized in 1901 to 1930. The total figure comes to the tidy sum of about $4,550,000,000—more than half the amount paid out in wages during the same years. And of these net earnings some $3,225,000,000 remained, after payment of bond interest and preferred dividends, for the holders of common stock, who, as John T. Flynn recently observed in The New Republic, never invested a cent in the company. It is not irrelevant to note that during most of the period in which these respectable profits were being piled up, the steel employees were forced to work twelve hours a day.

From the evidence, clearly, the steel industry could have treated its workers more generously than it did. Is it unreasonable to assume that the workers would have been better treated had they had a powerful union to bargain for them? Employers have a second fable with which to answer this, and it is usually worked in double harness with the "Happy-Family" line. It is, in brief, that unions are worthless. Mr. George E. Sokolsky, a former authority on China who now writes anti-labor essays for the editorial page of The New York Herald Tribune, recently endeavored to prove this to The Herald Tribune's readers. "Wages for the same kind of work," he wrote, "run within a range whether the industry is unionized or not." Of course an employer is apt to phrase this thought a little more crudely. "Unions are rackets," he will tell his

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employees, or "there is nothing the union can get you that I won't give you myself."

Mr. Sokolsky proceeds to prove this thesis with some very carefully selected statistics. He points out that weekly wages in the highly unionized bituminous coal industry are lower than weekly earnings in either the automobile or steel industry, both of which are open shop. On the basis of this simple comparison Mr. Sokolsky rushes to his conclusion that "It is not proved by wages that labor-union organization is the determining factor in obtaining higher wages for the workers." In a broad sense, of course, this is true. But what does it prove? Merely that there are many other factors, *in addition* to union organization, that affect wages. No intelligent trade-unionist would claim otherwise. The whole problem of wage determination is extremely complex. In each industry, even in each plant, innumerable factors are involved: the method of production, the kind of product, competitive conditions in the industry, managerial ability, the skill and training required of the workers, the degree of unionization, and so on. The relative importance of these factors will almost inevitably vary —and sometimes tremendously—from one industry to another. Obviously, it would be extremely hazardous, not to say unscientific, to pick out any single factor and say that it alone was responsible for high wages in one field and low wages in another.

Yet this is precisely Mr. Sokolsky's method. "If mere unionization were the answer to the wage problem," he tells The Herald Tribune readers, "Mr. Lewis ought to be able to push his bituminous miners way up above automobiles, for is he not the most effective of union organizers?" It apparently does not occur to Mr. Sokolsky that the bituminous industry is extremely depressed, suffering from overdevelopment and cutthroat competition, and that the low wages it pays may reflect not so much the weakness of the United Mine Workers as the sickness of capitalism. (Actually, of course, the hourly rate of pay in mining—81 cents—is 15 cents more than the steel workers get and 5 cents more than the automobile workers get; weekly earnings are somewhat lower because the miners work 15 hours less a week.) But if Mr. Lewis cannot force the coal operators to work their mines longer hours and thus give the miners higher weekly wages, this seems to be proof that Mr. Lewis, as an organizer, is a charlatan.

Using the same logic, Mr. Sokolsky could easily prove that modern medical care is a complete hoax. Is it not true that many persons who see their physicians regularly die young, while others who never go near a doctor live to a ripe old age? "If mere medical care were the answer to the health problem," Mr. Sokolsky could thunder, "the doctors ought to be able to push the life span of their patients way up above everyone else's." I have the suspicion, however, that the editor of The Herald Tribune would not feature such stuff on his editorial page. But with labor news, anything goes.

The case for unionism need not, of course, depend solely on theoretical arguments. There is plenty of evidence from the experience of organized labor itself to make Mr. Sokolsky and the employers who talk like him look silly. There are, for instance, the immediate, tangible victories that are continually being won—such as the 25-percent increase in seamen's wages on the West Coast, following the militant strike in 1934, the 20-percent increase in wages at the Camden shipyards following the strikes there in 1934 and 1935. The Camden workers, to be sure, have not succeeded in raising their wages without limit, as Mr. Sokolsky would have them, but their union has brought them average hourly earnings that are now some 15 percent above the rest of the industry.

"Wages for the same kind of work run within a range." To be sure. A study made a few years ago of the wages received by street-railway employees in seventy-five union companies and in seventy-five non-union companies revealed a range of 15 percent. The average rate of pay in the union companies was some 15 percent above that of the non-union companies. The superior position of the union employees was still further reflected in the fact that the higher union wages were paid, for the most part, in the smaller cities and not in the large ones, where one would normally expect to find them.

Over longer periods, definite trends, showing the gains made and consolidated through labor organization, are clearly evident. The great reduction in the work day, from twelve and fourteen hours to eight or less, and in the work week, from sixty and seventy hours to forty or less, is unquestionably attributable in large measure to the constant agitation by organized labor. This was frankly admitted by Theodore Search, president of the National Association of Manufacturers around 1900, when the drive for shorter hours was at its height.

The advantages of organization are also readily apparent during the twenties. Thus the printing industry, one of the most highly organized, is the only one of twenty-six industries studied by the National Conference Board in which wages rose steadily between 1920 and 1929. During this period, when the general movement of weekly earnings was slightly downward, newspaper and magazine workers boosted their wages $10 a week, or roughly 33 percent. A particularly illuminating example is afforded by the hosiery industry. Here the unskilled workers were paid $3 a week less in 1929 than in 1920. But the wages of skilled workers, largely through the strength of the full-fashioned hosiery workers' union, started up in 1924 and rose rapidly until, in 1929, they were nearly $14 a week higher than in 1920. In contrast to these union gains, one may cite the heavy losses of 20 percent suffered by the steel workers and of 25 percent by the cotton-mill hands in the South.

While such labor history could be recounted at great length, it would be a serious error to view labor organization solely as a dollar-and-cents

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proposition. The benefits that a strong union confers on its members merely begin with the pay check. A strong union, for example, is clearly the most effective weapon for obtaining adequate protection of life and health on the job. Where safeguards have been set up in law, a strong union—and frequently only a strong union—can make certain that the law is adhered to. Where legislative protection is lacking, the union can still enforce its own demands for safe and sanitary working conditions. Undramatic as these things may be, they may easily mean more than the rate of pay, as one can well see in the tragic and needless suffering of the silicosis victims at Gauley Bridge. Thus in the fullest sense, the value of organization must be measured in terms of life itself. It gives workers a degree of freedom and security unattainable as individuals and, what is becoming increasingly important, it provides the basis on which they must build if they are to make their economic strength felt in the political life of the nation.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Olde Nassau

IT USED to be said of Americans that they had no past to speak of, so they took it out in bragging about their tremendous future. That's no longer so true as it might have been. We seem to have caught up to the future about as close as it's comfortable to get—perhaps a little closer—and now the better element among us is beginning to get more ambitious about the past. We have begun to wake up to the fact that we too have a history, a glorious and dreamlike past; and though our recollections of this American Dream may be a little hazy in spots, a little unlifelike, it is rapidly becoming a sacred memory. Call it social climbing on a national scale if you want to, but what could be more natural? Even Shakespeare applied for patents of gentility when he had made his pile, and had the biggest house in Stratford. Americans are still a little shamefaced about flaunting coats-of-arms, and few of them live in the same houses their grandfathers did. But a lot of them now would rather buy somebody's grandfather's house than build one for themselves; and the coat-of-arms, as we all know, goes with the house. For a generation or so our predatory millionaires raided Europe for its "two gross of broken statues," but now they have begun to value their own antiques. And by "value" I mean value in the American sense: they put a high money price on them. Look at the recent boom in early American furniture; look at Henry Ford and the Wayside Inn; look at Williamsburg, restored by the Rockefellers within an inch of its dead life. Look at Princeton.

Princeton has justly acquired the reputation of being a very pleasant place to look at. Until Harvard and Yale entered on their present face-lifting operations, only the University of Virginia was more admired by foreign visitors. And Princeton, by our American standards, is about as old as they come. The college dates back not quite two hundred years; the town itself is about fifty years older than that. But Princeton's architectural beauty is of very recent vintage. Nassau Hall, the original building, has the plain charm of its eighteenth-century origin, but it would not show to advantage (see any old print) without its kindly veil of ancient elms. Of the nineteenth-century architecture that still cumbers much of the campus, the less said the better. What impresses the visitor, what impresses Princeton itself, is the collegiate Gothic. Princeton is now much more completely clothed in Gothic than Oxford or Cambridge ever thought of being. And as one after another of its embarrassing mid-Victorian survivals is quietly made away with, another aged-in-the-wood Gothic building rises in its place. No one as yet, apparently, has been embarrassed by all this neo-medievalism. Ah, but wait.

I'm not trying to revive a controversy about what style of foreign architecture is most inappropriate for housing American sophomores—far from it. The University's fancy dress, I admit, is a little too rich for my taste; but for the archeological campaign that the town has just started I have nothing but praise. This campaign promises not only to get us down to bedrock but to fix the bedrock the way it ought to go. And then the University had better look out: its own foundations will be undermined. But before divulging anything further about this historical scheme I should set forth a few facts about the town of Princeton. Ever since the University has been there, nobody has paid much attention to the town. Until a few years ago, hardly anyone lived there whose living was not in some way dependent on the University. Since the War, however, things have changed rapidly. Alumni began to come back and settle down. Not just so they could keep a finger on the football situation. It was a nice place to live—like Morristown, or Greenwich, or Long Island. Commuting to their businesses in New York or Philadelphia, they found, was not so bad. They told their friends. More and more came. Some of them were millionaires. Princeton now has a very sizable colony which has nothing to do with the University, except that most of the husbands are alumni. Like most towns, Princeton never enjoyed the services of a consulting architect. It just grew—a main street here, a cemetery here, nice houses at this end of town, stores on this street, slums on that. Except for a few old houses, of which it was

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reasonably proud, the town had no particular sense of its historical appearance. And right there it let the University get ahead of it; right there it erred.

But luckily for the town of Princeton, some of its more public-spirited alumni settlers have taken matters into their own hands. For several years a little group have been quietly buying up property in the center of town, and last week, to the huffing accompaniment of steamshovels, they announced the details of their project: a new municipal square, with new public buildings that will not look new but will look like the ones Princeton might have put up of its own accord, if it had ever had the sense and the money. The completed project will cost an estimated four and a half million, and will comprise, besides the new square, some twenty-eight buildings. The work will revive Princeton's building trade, it will supply jobs for the local unemployed, and the taxes on the finished project should lower the borough rate for other taxpayers. And the whole thing will put a fine feather in Princeton's cap; in the words of one of its spokesmen: "The new municipal square surrounding the park will take Princeton forever out of the main-street class."

Princeton has a peculiar main street: it is one-sided, facing the University campus for nearly the whole of its length. The scheme calls for knocking a 400-foot hole in this façade of shops, thus demolishing the Nassau Inn, an old, drummer-infested pile that has served as the town's commercial hotel since 1767. The impending fate of the "Nass" has caused a certain amount of sentimental grief among the citizenry, but they dried their crocodile tears when they saw the plans for its substitute. On the new square, the future municipal center, the spirit of the Nassau Inn is to be reëmbodied. As follows (let the architect speak): "The Nassau Tavern . . . has been imagined as a small hostelry built in Revolutionary days. The fictitious proprietor of this tavern has been assumed to have become prosperous and built an addition. This addition, of course, will be represented by a later style of architecture. Finally, in the 1850's, the owners of the tavern are supposed to have added a sizable brick addition." Mindful of the distressing effect of such model squares as Lake Forest's, Biltmore's and Forest Hills', the architect plans that the shops and public buildings surrounding the new square shall all be built in various eighteenth and nineteenth-century styles, just as if they had really been built then. And there's going to be a heating plant. They didn't have heating plants in those days, so that's going to look like something else—they haven't yet decided what. All the details haven't been worked out yet, of course, but you can see the general idea. Needless to say, no right-minded citizen can find anything but good to say of the plan. But there are a few good things that might still be said.

At last the town will become worthy of its begowned companion across the street. The old town will fit the old college—or rather, the new old town will fit the new old college. That sounds rather confusing: what I mean is, of course, the "old" town will fit the "old" college. Old buildings (without the quotation marks) are all very well, but they have an untidy way of not being historically correct, not quite the thing. Much better to have buildings that look old but are new: like a whitewashed jakes with an enameled comfort station inside. The fact is that Princeton did grow to its present estate without any such historic-looking municipal center as it is about to receive, but the architect has an answer worth two of that: "The new square should not be regarded as an innovation but as the flowering of a development which would have occurred long ago had Princeton been financially able to bring it about." This may be a Barrie-esque idea, but it's a good one. Before history gets any more unmanageable, why not correct it, and while we're at it, correct it good and proper? All you need is the money and the expert advice. If the proper disguise for the proposed heating plant has not yet been decided on, why not make it a church or a meeting house? That's what the inhabitants may be presumed to have built, had they had the money; and as churches and meeting houses both will soon have a purely historical interest, this would seem a good chance to erect a museum piece more authentic than the original would have been.

The present program calls for a five-year construction, but long before that period is ended, Princeton citizens will have found more historic malaprops to correct. For instance, their water tower, that now looms undisguised above the trees, starkly utilitarian, might be converted into a shot-tower or a lighthouse (Einstein could live there and see how he liked it); and perhaps the surrounding residential acres could be made into a wilderness bird sanctuary, with restricted building lots for modernized log cabins. And why stop with buildings? Princeton has a large Italian population. Right there, no doubt about it, was a big historical mistake. Its correction in this one municipality might well point the way to the whole rack-brained nation. The Italians should immediately be given their choice of adopting the name and characteristics of Witherspoon or McCosh or of being run out of town by the Know-Nothings. Some of the swarthier ones might be allowed to dress up as Indians. As for the Negroes, they will of course be disguised as slaves. Taxpayers who have the money to prove their historical correctness should be allowed to keep their present identity and occupation, but will probably be called on at stated intervals to disguise themselves as free and equal citizens, and go to the polls to determine whether the Borough Council shall have a preponderance of Whigs or Tories. At other times the tradesmen and such will be disguised as sturdy yeomen and will tug their forelocks to clients with charge accounts, who will be disguised as the local aristocracy. Anyone not born in the town will disguise himself as an old Princeton character.

And now I foresee complications. Suppose Princeton completely corrected in its historical sense, all

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the way back to colonial times—how will such a well revised, rejuvenated American town look on its neighbor across the street, this architecturally recidivist college? Can the town fail to notice that this wombat it has been carrying in its pouch for two centuries has the wrong shade of fur; that in fact it is an American college disguised not as an early-American college but as an imaginary reconstruction of a never-existent medieval university, its undergraduates not even taking the trouble to disguise themselves as students? I don't think the town will stand for it, not for a moment. But how, having dug themselves into different centuries, will they even come to grips? It may start as mere town-and-gown riots, but I think we shall be lucky if it doesn't end by getting all mixed up in the Children's Crusade or the Wars of the Roses. Anyhow, I'm betting on the town. T. S. MATTHEWS.

Prophecy in Stone

(On a photograph by Paul Strand)

Enter the ruined hacienda: see Christ
in sixty different tortured poses,
varnished, carved to semblance of life, endowed
with breath almost: here where the camera eye
restores the initial spirit, reveals
the permanence surviving death: ferret out
a race's history in a finger's curve,
see sun-washed walls flaking to dust,
the dust to powder won by the wind;
deep gashes, rust of rain and sun,
stones fallen, and the black deep grooves
where peons crucified conquistadors,
nailed them to doors, whips clutched
in paralyzed hands, tense in agony. . . .

See too the solitary mare
grazing in the barbed enclosure surrounding
the dead mansion of glory: and the mountains
rising beyond, and the pendant clouds
hung in the skies, identical with
horizons Coronado never conquered.

Marks of boot and fingerprint remain
on the rainless scene: nails jut from walls
long cleaned by wind and bird of flesh and bone.

See here, a continent away, the evidence
of grandeur ground to death by time and men,
and the lonely spirit, sun on the anguished eyes
of the carved Christ: and the deep patience
men of another century engraved
on these stone walls and images—lines like words
shouting: "We are enslaved!"
lines in prophetic
thunder: "We shall rise,
conquer our conquerors."

EDWIN ROLFE.

Washington Notes

One Chance for an Honest Election—Business Turns on the Heat—The West Goes Left and Vice Versa

IF ANY one thing will decide the presidential election, it is the investigation now being made by Mr. Louis R. Glavis, on behalf of the Senate Committee on Elections, into voter-intimidation in Pennsylvania and Michigan. The big industrial states of the East—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan—are vital to Republicans, and the predicted swing to Governor Landon has conspicuously failed to materialize. Accordingly, the New Deal strategists now fear the Republicans will attempt to "manage" the elections in those states next November. If the detective work of Mr. Glavis can prevent this—specifically, if it can prevent big employers from exerting pressure on their workers—there is every likelihood that the East will go for Mr. Roosevelt, making his reëlection a copper-riveted certainty.

This is a big "if." But New Dealers are beginning to show a certain grim confidence. A number of Democratic party-workers from Pennsylvania have been in Washington in the last few days, and one of them, a union executive, now enlisted in Labor's Non-Partisan League, summarized their feeling thus: "There's never been an honest election in western Pennsylvania in my lifetime. This year, as usual, the Republicans have all the money, but for once we've got the control of the state government, and the state election machinery. If they count us out this year, it will be our own dim-wittedness."

Mr. Glavis is a fabulous person, a storm center in Washington for the last thirty years. His reputed exploits make the gentle-voiced Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the G-men seem like an eagle scout. Mr. Glavis' present investigation will be as difficult as any he has ever made. If the steel companies and other big employers really mean to coerce their workers, they will be unlikely to make any overt acts until the last ten days or two weeks before election day, and they will not advertise their plans in advance. As Mr. Glavis undoubtedly knows, a number of them maintain secret services as large and as skilled as those of the federal government.

In addition to the Pennsylvania cases on which Mr. Glavis is now engaged, two other examples of big-business pressure have already turned up. New Deal campaign officials are reported to have first-hand evidence that one of the three largest New York City banks has threatened to withdraw its advertising from publications failing to take an actively hostile tone towards Mr. Roosevelt, and that, in the case of one important newspaper, it has actually carried out its threat. A handbill, captioned "Auction at the White House," and purporting to describe the selling out of the country by Mr. Roosevelt, is being offered to employers in quantity lots by a Missouri printing firm. Corporation heads are urged to post the handbill in their factories, and to distribute copies to their workers.

While the campaign east of the Mississippi continues to center around the most elemental democratic rights, in at least four trans-Mississippian states the voters are deciding,

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directly or indirectly, on the capitalist system as a whole. The difference between the political climate of Nazi Germany and Popular Front France is today scarcely greater than that between the Eastern and Western halves of the United States. A week ago the leaders of the Progressive Federation of Wisconsin and the Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota met and agreed to establish a joint committee, composed of six members from each group, to map out a common national legislative program. Both groups are committed to social planning. The Wisconsin Progressive Federation is still on uneasy terms with the La Follette brothers, and hence does not speak with the authority of the Minnesota Farmer-Laborites. Nevertheless, it is predicted that the Progressive Federation will control nine of Wisconsin's ten Representatives in the next Congress.

The campaign in the state of Washington is perhaps the most interesting in the country. Final results of this week's primary are unobtainable as this is written, but early returns indicate the success of Mr. John C. Stevenson, war aviator, former regional manager of the Painless Parker dental establishments and candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. A few weeks ago, Mr. Stevenson was looked on with suspicion by Washington left-wingers, but he is now reported to have made an excellent primary campaign—piloting his own small airplane from meeting to meeting—and apparently has the firm support of the state Commonwealth Federation, under the able leadership of Mr. Howard P. Costigan. His election in November will almost certainly ensure the success of a state constitutional amendment providing for government ownership of basic industry, which will transform Washington into the first laboratory state for a planned economic order. One aspect of the Washington campaign seems to me worth especial attention. The Washington Commonwealth Federation derives partly from Mr. Upton Sinclair's EPIC, but its symbols and phraseology apparently come, in large measure, from Mr. Howard Scott's Technocracy. According to report, its slogan, "production for use," has been immensely successful among people who still fear that socialism is connected with the nationalization of women and church-burning. Thus those observers who, four years ago, believed that Mr. Scott was serving to translate certain Marxian concepts into an American language acceptable to American voters are seemingly justified.

Although it is believed that Mr. Stevenson will win in November, the reactionaries in Washington are preparing a bitter fight. The primary campaign, and the Post-Intelligencer strike of the Newspaper Guild in Seattle, coming simultaneously, seem to have whipped up the business elements of the state to a lather of fear. Within the last few days, an anonymous committee of business leaders has been created, "the Secret Six," from whom are coming obscure threats of armed violence. The candidate of the conservative elements is seventy-two-year-old Roland H. Hartley, twice Governor of the state, a genial old demagogue who is a West Coast equivalent of New York's Al Smith.

In California, the production-for-use concept is also making progress. Mr. Byron Scott, chief production-for-use spokesman at the last session of Congress, easily won renomination in the recent primary, and seems sure of re-election, as do several other old EPIC leaders. Last winter the recognized anti-capitalist bloc in Congress numbered about fifty. It is now predicted that the bloc in the coming session of Congress will have seventy-five, and perhaps more, votes. The principal uncertainty concerns the number and attitude of the Congressmen who will be returned in the industrial East as a result of the sponsorship of Labor's Non-Partisan League. They will all be Democrats, but it is assumed that they will feel that their first allegiance should be to the labor unions rather than to the administration. If some sort of arrangement can be reached between them and the Western radicals, the third party will be then and there created. To many observers here, it is a tragedy that Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota did not live to lead such a group. No one among the left-wingers who will be elected to the next Congress approaches Olson in political wisdom, energy and personal charm.

Washington. T. R .B.

Other People's Money

Public Words and Official Deeds—Does Roosevelt Love Peace?—The Railroads Show the Way—No Tax Increases

ONE OF the puzzles of public life is the continual struggle to square the public utterances of a public man with his official acts. One of the oldest stratagems in the world is the device of giving fair words to one faction and satisfactory deeds to another. You have but to scan history to perceive this fact, valuable to politicians, that when words are being handed to one side and deeds to the other, it is usually the liberals who get the words. The conservatives are hard-headed persons who deal in tangibles; the liberals are usually idealists who live upon discussion—words. Hence a goodly supply of nice words generally satisfies their demands.

One wonders if this can be the case now. The world is torn by strife and threats of strife. American liberals are pacifist. American conservatives are jingoistic. Their jingoism is not unrelated to very ponderable items. They want to build ships, manufacture armaments and supplies for their beloved country. They want ships and arms to protect their various adventures in other parts of the world. Besides, you find that conservatives are usually very patriotic. They are, of course, profoundly interested in the status quo. They have a vested interest in it. Being quite satisfied with it as it is they defend it, glow over it, want to preserve it, even with the lives of their sons and others' sons. This germinates what passes for patriotism.

In this troubled period the wonder continues to grow as to what the President is. Is he a lover of peace, or a lover of war? Of course it is fair to answer that by saying that all good men today are haters of war. But there are a lot of good men who are lovers of the instruments of war. They like cannon, huge guns, uniforms—above all, great ships of war. And it is a very close point whether this love of the instruments of war may not be little less than a kind of spiritual vestibule to the love of war itself. When you find a man loving battleships in action, in actual battle—you have a right to be a little fearful as to how his mind

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may work in circumstances favorable to the war psychosis.

But no man who accepts the President's words at their face value can doubt that he is a lover of peace. He is a lover of peace who is also a lover of battleships and battleships in battle. And with this happy combination of affections he is able to produce a feeling of satisfaction in the breasts of both pacifists and jingoes.

To the pacifists he donates a truly magnificent oration on peace. To the jingoes he gives the far more substantial contribution of armaments. In the first year of Mr. Roosevelt's administration the budget for army and navy was $545,000,000. Last year it was $913,000,000. This year it will be at least $1,050,000,000. But it may well be more, because among the emergency items is tucked away a neat little sum of $250,000,000, which is tagged as being for "other public works (national defense, public buildings, etc.)." How much of this will be national defense, no one knows. I have heard of army bases rebuilt by C.C.C. and W.P.A. workers.

But in any case everybody seems to be happy. The pacifists liked the speech; the warriors like the ships and guns. Truly this is an unfailing technique. You do not have to give the liberals bread or even cake. "Let 'em eat speeches" might well be said of them.

One of the most thoroughly fixed notions of American business since the poisonous experience of the Great War is that the way to get prosperous is to raise prices. They sold this to the Democratic government in 1933 and then began that strange episode of planned scarcity from which we are not likely to recover for many years. No group among business men nursed this idea more than the railroads. I recall that in 1931 I learned of the efforts of some roads to lower the passenger traffic rate to two cents a mile. I recall the barrage of scorn with which my article was greeted. More than one haughty railroad apologist and publicity man talked with superior contempt of this preposterous idea. Yet the idea was based on the experience of a real railroad in a well traveled area. But now the railroads have been compelled to reduce their passenger fares and today I read that the New York Central, one of the most heavily traveled roads, saw its passenger revenues rise 21 percent in July over the previous July. This means, of course, that passenger travel had to increase a great deal more than 21 percent because the passenger rate had fallen an average of 33 percent. It is hard to translate this into passenger miles without more data, but apparently it means that while revenues rose 21 percent, travel increased 80 percent. The public got more use out of the road and the road got more money out of the public. It would be a good idea if the government which set out to raise prices on everything and made such a failure of it would now take a lesson from this solitary effort to reduce instead of to raise prices.

Papers still go on talking about the uncertainties in our business situation. Apparently one uncertainty has been removed by recent events—the speeches of Mr. Landon and the tax statement of Mr. Roosevelt. That is that neither of these gentlemen is going to raise taxes. Mr. Landon is opposed to sales taxes and we may be sure he will not stand for increasing income taxes. Mr. Roosevelt has just boasted that he can take care of a deficit this year of over two billions out of treasury cash and a small amount of borrowing—only $410,000,000 net. What may actually happen no one can say. But it is fair to assume that both men will resist tax increases to the limit of their powers.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Odets Takes a Holiday

IT IS quite sad about "The General Died at Dawn"—not so much for what is there as for what should have been there, and isn't. It was directed by Lewis Milestone from a script written by no less than Clifford Odets. And while I never could join the hallelujah chorus over Mr. Odets as the new gift to world drama, I did feel he had brains and talent; I did suspect that having bought him as a name Hollywood might be awed into giving him latitude in the exercise of these endowments; and I did know that Gary Cooper could be relied on for a fine part, that Madeleine Carroll could be a honey, that one is rarely let down by such troupers as Akim Tamiroff (really a star here), Dudley Digges, William Frawley, Porter Hall, J. M. Kerrigan, etc. And Lewis Milestone of course, from "All Quiet" to "The Captain Hates the Sea," has been right up with the top directors here. I simply figured these people plus the routine competence of Hollywood itself would be just the balance wheel to gear all this promise to some actual performance; that we could be assured of a tidy job in the first place and might even expect the splendid addition of such sharp points of truth as are rarely driven home to audiences so universal as those of pictures.

But no matter for that now. What seems to have happened is that Mr. Odets was given a free hand, and then instead of using it to whip a weak story into shape, spent his time writing in dramatic fireworks. Care was given the production, which has glitter and a bang-bang sort of interest, many good clear strokes of character and incident and a fairly high content of wise and salty dialogue (partly because the actors are able to put over what would otherwise remain Charlie Chanese; partly because of bold conception and nice quirks, like Chang's relish of the word "etcetera"). But so far as the pot goes—as a matter of plain fact the plot doesn't go anywhere but to pieces, like a cigar-box Eiffel Tower in a wind. And so you have an embarrassing mixture of the hastiest melodrama with the gravest of sentiments, Mr. Odets having stuffed his lines with a kind of ready-made and surface reference to important matters that seems even more spurious now that he hasn't got his gang with him.

This is the story of the American O'Hara, smuggling gold in the cause of the people of China; and of how he was betrayed by personal weakness into the hands of Chang, a dictator with a black heart who needed the gold to buy arms with and had the best of it up to the last minute, when he was stabbed by accident and tricked into ordering the self-annihilation of his whole crew, letting the main characters go free. In performance it is better than I am able to say, with a high pitch of interest and many bright surfaces to catch the eye of human sympathy. Fact is, I saw it through twice with enjoyment. Nevertheless, there is a mounting sense (especially in retrospect) of good

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things attempted in bad faith and taste, like a meat-tea in a charnel house, the Lord's Prayer under the barn.

I realize it is much too easy to sit back and say what might have been done; but the truth is that something *should* have. Maybe the general could have been allowed to triumph anyway, leaving O'Hara with his life and the girl but the heavy conscience of his self-defeat, strong only in the prophecy that this same power that has broken the two of them as it has all the millions before, is still doomed; because even in this failure there is implied something new, something attempted and in the bare attempt an omen of forces which are too large and deep for personal weakness and gusts of chance. Since there is a symbolic (effective, too) prelude to the picture, maybe there could have been introduced some fade-out like the tremendous finale to "Storm Over Asia," which had no pat speeches, no pretty allusions, but only a great wind gathering over the land, carrying with it first grass and leaves, then sticks, clods, roofs, and finally rolling up the advancing regiments and mounted chiefs, with the men scuttling or sprawled on the ground, the horses riderless, and all blacking out in that great scouring blast over Asia—or over the world.

But we shouldn't even need to be epic about it, so long as the story were somehow given a leg of meaning to stand on. I should be less confident in suggesting that there were several possible major operations that might have done this, if there were less evidence that even in minor details of the story as it stands, precious little thought has been given truth and plausibility. The first sequence goes off all right, though with too much reliance on talk; and the second is very effective, what with dark action, whispers, the partial lighting of the billiard room, Pete's cough, etc. But on the train the trouble begins. Speeches for the sake of speeches. Fireworks for the same reason. And in the interview with Chang you are made uncomfortable with the growing conviction that people simply don't do that, there is no need for it, or time for it, or room for it within the characters. Then (leaving that awful end out altogether) on to Shanghai with Judy, Wu, Pete, Fats and Brighton, all tangling in one place, and then O'Hara and then Chang, everybody coming into the same room with a loaded gun until we are in a mood for more—come on, now, where are the Marx Brothers, where is Man Mountain Dean?

But I like to think of another story about another brigand general in China, who had to take an American girl into his safe-keeping (the story had opened with neat irony on the mission where she had just arrived as a bride). Conventional enough, for the general fell in love; the cost to him of undermining the girl's smugness and glib mission standards proved just what his life was worth; and it closed on the renegade cynic and adviser saying that if there *were* some queer Chinese place where such a man went, why he guessed when *his* time came . . . and the girl saying she would too, yes, Oh she would. But in all it proved up as good metal with a damning edge, having rather more to do with life and folks and rather less with death, dawn, destiny and similar poetics. Just for the sake of the record, the number-one story about China was done as a picture and some years ago and in Hollywood at that, almost without modern plumbing and without benefit of the Significant Word, by Frank Capra, whose picture was called "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

The Supreme Court has applied it [the due-process requirement] with an equal hand to both [Congress and the states]. But the states have been the chief offenders in their attempt to circumvent this limitation. More especially has this been the case with numerous laws which state legislatures have enacted for the ostensible purpose of promoting the public safety or public health, but which in reality have been designed to deprive individuals or corporations of their property in an arbitrary way.—*From the fourth edition (1936) of a textbook, "The Government of the United States," by William Bennett Munro.*

The shaving of the Bolsheviks is another step in the direction of capitalism.—*News item in The Los Angeles (California) Times.*

We are not threatened by war entanglement. We have full academic latitude. There is no militarization of youth unless you count the R.O.T.C. and army supervision of C.C.C. as militarism.—*From an article by Issac Marcosson in The American Magazine, September, 1936.*

One wonders how, so suddenly, the rare Castilian culture could be so utterly dissipated. There seems to be little left of the romantic Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella.—*The St. Paul (Minnesota) Dispatch.*

We have survived all these centuries because on great occasions our interests, our British interests, have also been the interests of human freedom and progress. Thus, fortified and guided, we may yet preserve for future generations our strength and fame.—*The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, quoted in The Observer (London).*

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE FAIRWAY

Chanel sponsors amusing proletarian costumes for sports and daytime. Workmen's peaked caps are shown in plaid or plain woolens for mornings; in fur or velvet, ornamented with jewel-headed hatpins, for afternoons. Overall dresses, "tough guy" overcoats and neckerchiefs replacing ties and collars, leather waistcoat belts with zippered pockets and bright red blouses all do their bit in composing ensembles.—*From a Paris dispatch to The New York Times.*

BACK TO THE OLD GRIND

Joseph W. Harriman, 72, left the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., this morning. . . . He had served two years, one month and seventeen days on his sentence of four and one-half years for falsifying records to the amount of $1,713,000 and misapplying and misappropriating $600,000 more in the defunct Harriman National Bank and Trust Company.

It was said by persons close to his family that after a short rest Mr. Harriman would seek a position in New York teaching finance and other business subjects.—*News item in The New York World-Telegram.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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CORRESPONDENCE

From One Pocket to the Other

SIR: Why do people spoil perfectly sound theses by hunting up unsound arguments for them? Mr. Peffer is damned right in arguing, against Mr. Grover Clark's books, that colonialism frequently pays, but in his presentation of the case he lays himself open to a terrific comeback. What sense is there in tracing the disposition of the profits on colonial trade if those profits are, as Mr. Clark contends, not real but fictitious? If, in the instance cited, England's profits on her trade with India were in reality more than offset by the expense of holding down that country, then England had just that much less money, for investment or any other purpose.

But it is evident that neither Mr. Peffer nor Mr. Clark has freed himself from the delusion that underlies the economy hysteria now being so energetically worked up by the Republican Party. Governmental expenditures are not traced at all but are treated as just so much money lost to the nation. In holding a colony a nation's expenses practically all go to its own nationals, who in turn spend it practically all in the national economic field: therefore the cost is nearly nothing to a nation considered as a commercial entity.

Few tasks are more urgent than to rub into the popular mind the distinction between national and international spending. Money spent at home, by government or anyone else, simply effects exchange of wealth, and a nation can no more go broke by excess in exchanging wealth than a man can go broke by excess in changing money from one pocket to another. The present campaign of the economy fanatics is based on a confusion of the two kinds of spending and has for its object the propagation of the idea that government spending, where commensurate tangible values are not received in exchange, represents a national loss. (I have talked with a man, who passes for intelligent, who maintains that money so spent actually vanishes!) One expects a writer like Mr. Peffer, in dealing with matters forming the subject of the review in question, to rip the guts out of that idea; instead of which he tacitly accepts it! This is giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

F. H. FOOTE.

East Jordan, Mich.

Coughlin and Lemke

SIR: In the issue of August 12 Jonathan Mitchell wrote concerning William Lemke, the Union Party candidate for President. He began by saying that the criticisms of Coughlin, Townsend and Smith are justified, but that Lemke should not be classed with them, and gave as one reason that he has the support of practically all of the left-wing farmers' group in the Northwest. Perhaps Mr. Mitchell is correct in saying that Lemke has the support of these organizations, but that support is aimed at reëlecting him as member of Congress and not at electing him President at the head of the Union Party. I would rather see some documentary evidence purporting to come from leaders of the left-wing groups in the Northwest than to hear Mr. Mitchell tell us about it.

All that I have read in The Progressive and The Farmers' National Weekly shows that the left-wing groups are keeping away from the Union Party as though it were labeled "Smallpox." Mr. Mitchell speaks of the Farmer-Labor Party but he did not say that party had endorsed the Union Party.

If one desires to know the real reason why Mr. Lemke was attached to the tail of the Coughlin kite, the reason is expressly that of trying to get the farmer vote away from Roosevelt in the farmer-dominated states of the northern Middle West. In his attempt to beat Roosevelt and to elect Landon, Coughlin has allied himself with every crackpot organization that he thought would take votes from Roosevelt, and has bought Lemke at the price of a little front-page publicity to dance to the tune he is playing.

Mr. Mitchell expresses Lemke's idea that Father Coughlin would have little interest in the Union Party after the present campaign and that he would allow the party to drop from his control and that the associates of Lemke would fall heir to the party. But is that actually what will happen? Is it not better to guess that instead of having no use for the Union Party after November, Father Coughlin will have no use for Mr. Lemke after that time and that he will drop him and continue his mad scramble for dictatorial power? Perhaps Father Coughlin will have no use for the Union Party after November. But if it will be of no use to him after that time it will be only because Father Coughlin does not desire to have another election and has decided to seize power without one. In such case the Union Party will be of no use to anyone. . . .

Warners, N. Y. CLARENCE ARMSTRONG.

The Socialist Ballot in North Dakota

SIR: Because The New Republic is a progressive liberal journal, I am asking you to print this letter appealing for help in getting the Socialist Party on the ballot in South Dakota.

We need the immediate assistance of every person who believes in allowing the fullest participation in political affairs by minority groups.

We need 5,900 signatures on our national nominating petition in South Dakota. Without these signatures, the names of Norman Thomas, our candidate for President, and George A. Nelson, our candidate for Vice President, will not be allowed on the ballot.

These signatures must be gathered before October 1.

Will you kindly write for petitions to Marvin Halverson, Box 798, Sioux Falls? Please remember that the signed petition must be in Mr. Halverson's hands by the morning of October 1.

New York City. DANIEL W. HOAN.

Republican Campaign Parallels

SIR: History does repeat itself.

I note in the various speeches of Governor Landon, Colonel Knox and other leaders of the Republican Party that the great issue of this campaign is the return to the "American way of life," or the "American system of government." This affords a strange parallel to the campaign of 1920, in which the ill fated Warren G. Harding was the Republican candidate for President. In that campaign Talcott Williams, writing in The Independent of November 13, 1920, said:

> A Senator, distinguished, powerful, astute political leader, with surpassing skill in political management, told me a year ago that "Americanism" was to be this year's issue. When I asked him what "Americanism" meant, he said that he did not know, but that it was a damned good word with which to carry an election.

The parallel extends still further. In that campaign a comparatively unknown man was nominated for President, whose views on all matters affecting the issues of this campaign were practically unknown. Behind the attractive surface personality of Senator Harding there was the most rapacious crew that ever took command of the American government. Behind Governor Landon are many of the same men, whose purposes it is not difficult to understand. Will the parallel cease with the election next November, or will it continue into the following years?

Cadillac, Mich. E. J. MILLINGTON.

Theatre Run-Around

SIR: I wish to call attention to the suppression of my play, "Model Tenement," through local political interference with a federal project and to point out that the administrators of the Federal Theatre Project permitted this play to be suppressed without so much as a hearing.

The play, "Model Tenement," is a dramatization of my novel, "The New Bridge," published by Covici-Friede in 1933. In the fall of 1935 "Model Tenement" was submitted to and accepted by Thomas Wood Stevens, then director of the Federal Theatre Project for several Midwest states. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Theodore

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Viehmann, director of Federal Theatre Unit Number One, which was to operate a downtown theatre in Chicago, agreed upon "Model Tenement" as the most suitable opening production for that theatre, and placed it in rehearsal.

The play was rehearsed through December. Early in January a stop order was received from Washington. Mr. Stevens was informed by Mr. Howard Hunter, W. P. A. authority in Illinois, that the play would have to be dropped because of objections made by Mayor Kelly.

In New York, Hallie Flanagan, national director of the theatre project, gave me a glimpse of inter-office correspondence between Illinois W.P.A. authorities and Washington about my play. It revealed that my "record as a Red was being investigated" by the mayor's office, and that my play was declared to be radical by an investigator from the mayor's office.

To our knowledge, no copy of the play had been released for reading by any investigators. W. P. A. authorities evinced no interest in a reading of the play but accepted the dictum from Mayor Kelly's office, which, it was later revealed, also had not read the play. For several months Mr. Stevens was unsuccessful in finding the source of objection. Finally a member of the cast revealed that he had complained to his priest about "Model Tenement." I was sent to see the priest, Father Giles, who until then had not read the play. It was then April, 1936. Father Giles read "Model Tenement," suggested that a few cuss-words be deleted, declared he found nothing radical in the play, and wrote a letter to Mayor Kelly removing his former objections and recommending the play for production.

At this time Mrs. Flanagan saw Mayor Kelly and told me that the mayor declared he had never heard of the play and had no part in its suppression. At the same time, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Viehmann were permitted to resign from the theatre project; Mr. George Kondolf, succeeding Mr. Stevens, read "Model Tenement" and assured me that he would produce it at once if he could see Mayor Kelly and get his okay.

The play has not yet been produced. I should like to add that while the Federal Theatre Project has boasted of its aim to produce new plays by American writers, two downtown theatres in Chicago have been occupied for nine months, without the production of a single new script.

Chicago, Ill. MEYER LEVIN.

Mr. Paul Gets Together

SIR: If you do not think that your reviewer, "H.T.M.," who writes the notice of my novel, "A Horse in Arizona," in the August 19 issue of your publication is simple-minded, let me assure you of the fact.

Your reviewer begins by asserting that in spite of the fact that the book is crammed with objectionable material it is a most enjoyable book. Only a simple-minded individual would note the fact that an author had succeeded in making a bad book enjoyable without duly recording the corollary that this is no doubt a unique literary achievement.

"H.T.M." asserts that "the names of the people in the book are almost all downright bad." If your reviewer will stop being simple-minded long enough to inform me what constitutes a bad name, I shall be very pleased to add such information to my opinion of him.

Your reviewer asserts that my principal character may be autobiographical because he enjoys Louis Paul's bulk. You two put that one together; in fact it might be a good idea to get together with all your readers and try to put it together.

My only other complaint concerning your reviewer is that he completely fails to give even the undersigned, who read the novel a couple of times, the slightest inkling of the nature and quality of the book. LOUIS PAUL.

Woodhaven, N. Y.

SIR: Here are the answers to Mr. Paul's four points:

1. What the notice exactly said of his novel was that "despite a lot of well grounded objections you can enjoy it"—if Mr. Paul thinks it unique for an imperfect book to have enjoyable parts, his own range of reading must be very limited indeed.

2. As to the characters' names, here are several of them at the sub-high-school level of wit for Mr. Paul to chew on in all their downright badness: Resin Scaeterbun, Howard Ootz, Nina Gumbottle, Wartnose Scroogenheim.

3. The notice did not say Scaeterbun "may be autobiographical because he enjoys Louis Paul's bulk"—the because is Mr. Paul's contribution. It said: "He may be fairly autobiographical despite the obvious exaggeration of the fable: he at least has Louis Paul's bulk," etc.

4. My idea of the quality of Mr. Paul's novel was written out in some 200 words in a final paragraph which was cut with my consent. I should guess that it was cut because "A Horse in Arizona" is hardly the kind of book New Republic readers would consider important.

Barrington, Ill. HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A proposal to establish workers' control over industry is sent us by James Monroe Bragg, of Pittsburg, Kansas, who suggests that this can be attained by committees of industrial ownership which could pool stock owned by the workers in various industries and use their rights as stockholders to break monopoly ownership and improve their own condition. Mr. Bragg thinks that the Hearst publications would be a good place to start, and points out that if this proposal were carried through strikes could be publicized on the financial pages as struggles between stockholders.

"The most advanced of them were the teachers and the least informed were the pupils. Toward the end of the three-month term things got all mixed up—the students were delivering the lectures and the teachers were soaking it up. No examinations, no report cards, no red tape, no flim-flam teaching." Such is a description of Commonwealth College, the labor school at Mena, Arkansas, by a student there. Commonwealth's autumn quarter opens September 28, and information may be obtained from Charlotte Moskowitz, the Executive Secretary.

Elias Castelnuovo, the prominent Argentine playwright and critic, is in danger, according to Benjamin Ossa, of New York City, of having his Argentine citizenship canceled and being turned back to Uruguay, which is now under a fascist regime. The ostensible reason given is that Castelnuovo made false declaration while obtaining his naturalization papers ten years ago, but actually, according to our correspondent, it is that Castelnuovo is an anti-fascist and was an organizer of various writers' unions. Those who wish to protest this treatment of the man who has been called the "Argentine Maxim Gorky" should address the Argentine Consul in New York City, the Argentine Ambassador at Washington, D. C., or the President of the Argentine Republic, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

What's on the Air?

President Roosevelt addressing the World Power Conference in Washington, D. C. Friday, September 11, 4 to 4:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the former Governor of Pennsylvania, and Angelo Patri, writer on child psychology, are interviewed on the "Magazine of the Air" program. Friday, September 11, 11 to 11:30 A. M., C.B.S.

Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, discusses some of the real issues of the campaign. Saturday, September 12, 9 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Mrs. Herbert Lehman, Mrs. Felix M. Warburg, Dr. Jonah B. Wise and others at luncheon of the women's division of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. Monday, September 14, 2 to 2:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

President James B. Conant of Harvard delivering address of welcome at opening of Harvard Tercentenary Celebration. Wednesday, September 16, 3:15 to 3:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Eugene Grace, Thomas Girdler and William A. Irvin in Steel Day program at the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland. Thursday, September 17. 9 to 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

President Roosevelt, former President Lowell of Harvard, and Chancellor Baldwin speaking from London, in Harvard Tercentenary Program. Friday, September 18, 2:30 to 3:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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We Didn't Get to Pick Those Violets After All

Spring Dance, adapted by Philip Barry from an original play by Eleanor Golden and Eloise Barrangon. Empire Theatre, August 23, 1936.

THAT SILLY old line from Belasco's version of Du Barry comes somehow from some subconscious depths, to serve well enough doubtless for a present title.

At the close of last season we had a fine illustration of a theatre point, in the Pulitzer Prize award and that of the Critics' Circle. The first gave the prize for the best play of the year to "Idiot's Delight" by Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, the second to "Winterset" by Mr. Maxwell Anderson. The question arises as to which is to be considered more important, more to be commended and rewarded, the play of high matter and reach that as theatre is achieved only partially, or the play of lesser reach and substance that is as theatre more completely achieved.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Sherwood took his play seriously, meant it to carry a significant idea concerning war and human beings caught in war's midst. His play was entertaining, thanks partly to the thoroughly searched out performance of the Lunts and their well watched company. The piece went forward, every inch explored as theatre to the full. It made a most engaging evening, a great success with audiences; but as a matter of fact about the last thing you thought of was the theme. It was as if, having eaten a box of good things, you go back to note what the label was. The great lack in "Idiot's Delight" was tone. Tone is the least often achieved, the most elusive and least often mentioned, the most nearly final quality in art, or so it is for us Anglo-Saxons at any rate. As laymen intelligences we are fairly opaque to it; as critics we are thick at perceiving it, slow at pouncing upon its absence, and insensible to the mystery of its vital pervasion.

When we come to Greek dramas, those that are extant, the whole purpose and limits of that form, some of Euripides excepted, are so strict, so legalized, the air there is so solemn, rapt and elevated, that we are compelled toward their tone with a like unity, more or less, to that originally sought and demanded. Of the three great tragic writers left to us, Euripides alone breaks down in tone now and again, when he can neither express his whole substance within the traditional formula nor force that formula into what is wholly his substance. But, to come down nearer to us in time, it would seem, apparently, that we fall foul of the tone in most art from other peoples, Molière, for instance, or Goldoni's "La Locandiera" or Benavente's "La Malquerida." I have never seen a production in English of any of these authors where you could say that the tone was secure and plainly seen. The Theatre Guild took "L'Ecole des Maris," pulled it around till that famous exposition—a portion of whose technical depth consisted in its order and rational progression—was messed into bright-eyed muddle, and then dished in "Le Mariage Forcé," whose theme and the tone it demands wrecked the theme and tone of the other piece. If anybody saw this or minded, I heard nothing about it. The Moscow Art Theatre attacked Goldoni's play with a barbarous perfection of scruples and research, and missed all that sweet reasonable distribution and assemblage *en plein air*, as the painters say. Certain critics said that the production was magnificent but the play a mere fluff. As for Benavente in our theatre, the case is too wide for this article. Among our own things, examples like "Pride and Prejudice," "Hamlet," "The Way of the World," top their own excellence and seal our bondage to a great extent by the total unity in tone that each presents; though how much we are aware of this special fact about them and ourselves is a question.

At any rate, to return to our main point, tone can be taken as perhaps the surest test of the extent to which a play is an organic substance, and the degree to which the play as theatre art comes off completely or does not come off. "Idiot's Delight" is expert, marked by keen stage intuition, and able to keep going up to that very last imaginationless moment, with the doomed lovers singing at the piano amid the storming bombs, curtain—a device good enough as sheer theatre tosh, explicit, still-born but lurid, a bit of succulent will to stagey climax. And the forceful war theme, the hatred of war, impacted in the play, or, shall we say, stenciled on to it, is, I am sure, strongly felt by the dramatist and meant with full sincerity. The difficulty is that in art—such is the mystery of creation—neither the will toward sincerity nor the serious intention of it can either predict or guarantee its consummation in the piece of art itself. "Winterset" is by no means such expert theatre as "Idiot's Delight." It muffs many of its intentions and motifs. But its tone is one and guarantees the depths of those fluctuating undercurrents. Whatever cocks may crow, we have there what will prevent betrayal.

There is here no decision desirable, or even intelligent, to make; the question should remain open, like that of those two forces in nature, one that builds up form, the other that breaks it down, and the alternation of the two of them in the life of nature. But, in so far as everything looks toward its own seed, in so far as it is permanent and alive, the theatre art has to consider where it intends much and achieves or fails, and where it intends less and fails or achieves. For the propulsion, evolutions, life movement and living expressiveness of the theatre art, we must have striving substance, aspiration, high intention, however expressible or inexpressible. For the theatre's corporate health, mass, continuity of existence, we must have achievement, have the piece coming off. Successful and complete coming off theatrically assures the theatre's continuance as a body, so to speak. Intense substance, risk, even though with partial failure in achievement theatrically, provokes the life or soul of the theatre to forward movement and fresh forms.

The applauded, at least, of Mr. Barry's plays have had an air of completion about them, of having gone through to where he wanted them to go, and of being written by someone civilized. In the case of "Spring Dance" the civilized mind was there, but the play might have gone through more completely if someone crasser had been the author. Of the occasion it may be said that racketeer speed and stridency, kept up at such length, is not entirely suited to young-lady stage vehicles, voice and all. There are many worse companies than these young people present at the Empire, however; Miss Louise Platt, in the leading young-lady role, did a great deal of lovely and skillful playing.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Going with the Wind

I HAVE to thank Miss Rosa Hutchinson of the Macmillan Company for a series of press releases that is more impressive than any published review of the season's best seller:

June 19.—"Gone with the Wind," the forthcoming novel of the real South in the sixties and seventies, by Margaret Mitchell of Atlanta, is having a record-breaking advance sale. Already—two weeks before publication—this Macmillan novel has piled up the largest advance sale of any book of recent years. It is the choice of the Book of the Month Club for July.

Ellen Glasgow is enthusiastic about it. She writes: "The book is absorbing. It is a fearless portrayal, romantic yet not sentimental, of a lost tradition and a way of life. I hope it will be widely read and appreciated."

June 29.—A fifth large printing of Margaret Mitchell's first novel, "Gone with the Wind," has been ordered, although the book is just out this week. The book may be out of stock at Macmillan's for a few days, but booksellers throughout the country will have copies available.

July 13.—A sixth printing of "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, making a total of 140,000 to date, is being rushed through the press and will be ready this week, so that all current orders can be taken care of.

July 15.—Motion-picture rights in Margaret Mitchell's novel, "Gone with the Wind," have been sold to Selznick International Pictures, Inc. The price is believed to be the highest ever given for a first novel.

July 20.—176,000 copies of Margaret Mitchell's novel, "Gone with the Wind," have now been printed by Macmillan in an attempt to cope with the steady inrush of orders. The demand for the book certainly reflects credit on the taste of the American reading public, for "Gone with the Wind" has been likened by various prominent critics to the work of Thackeray, Galsworthy, Tolstoy, Undset, Hardy, Trollope and Dickens—and to "The Three Musketeers."

July 23.—What is believed to be a record in recent years has been established by Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." Although it has been published only one month, printings already total 201,000 copies.

In the first three days of this week alone, Macmillan shipped out on booksellers' reorders 16,468 copies.

July 24.—The Macmillan Company reports that orders booked yesterday for Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind" totaled 10,753.

Early in August.—"Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell—nationwide best seller in fiction lists—has as one of its chief characters Melanie Wilkes. Miss Mitchell writes Macmillan's that many people seem to be troubled as to the correct pronunciation of Melanie, some giving it the accent on the second syllable and with a long "a." The correct pronunciation puts the accent on the first syllable.

"Gone with the Wind" is now going into its ninth printing, bringing the total number of copies to 226,000.

August 17.—The sales department of The Macmillan Company is mathematically minded. It has figured out some interesting facts about "Gone with the Wind," the best seller by Margaret Mitchell. It appears that if all the copies of "Gone with the Wind" that have been printed were piled on top of each other the stack would be fifty times as high as the Empire State Building in New York City. Or if the pages of all these copies were laid end to end they would encircle the world at the Equator two and two-thirds times.

Some forty-five tons of boards and 34,000 yards of cloth have been used in the physical make-up of these books, and the paper already used would fill twenty-four carloads. Two printing plants are working on the book in three eight-hour shifts, and two binderies are fastening the sheets together.

September 3.—333,000 copies of Margaret Mitchell's novel, "Gone with the Wind," were printed to fill the demand up to August 30, two months after publication. Another large printing is now going through, which will bring the total up to 370,000.

September 8.—The feelings of a lady who sailed for Europe last week were somewhat mixed when, among her bon-voyage packages, she found nine copies of "Gone with the Wind."

That is the story to date of what promises to be the biggest publishing success since the good old days of "The Sheik" and "If Winter Comes." Obviously Miss Mitchell's first novel meets the specialized demands of the book-buying public (as distinguished from the larger and less prosperous public that borrows its books from the library). It is written from the woman's point of view, and most book buyers are women. It flatters people who like to think of themselves as aristocrats, and this amiable weakness is more than usually common among the patrons of bookstores. Moreover, it is very long, and people who pay $3 for a novel like to think that they are getting their money's worth, are getting entertainment that will carry them through the idle moments of a whole fortnight. But beyond all this, an essential reason for its popularity lies in the big yet comfortably familiar theme that Miss Mitchell has chosen.

"Gone with the Wind" is an encyclopedia of the plantation legend. Other novelists by the hundreds have helped to shape this legend, but each of them has presented only part of it. Miss Mitchell repeats it as a whole, with all its episodes and all its characters and all its stage settings—the big white-columned house sleeping under its trees among the cotton fields; the band of faithful retainers, including two that quaintly resemble Aunt Jemima and Old Black Joe; the white-haired massa bathing in mint juleps; the heroine with her seventeen-inch waist and the high-spirited twins who come courting her in the magnolia-colored moonlight, with the darkies singing under the hill—then the War between the States, sir, and the twins riding off on their fiery chargers, and the lovely ladies staying behind to nurse the wounded, and Sherman's march (now the damyankees are looting the mansion and one of them threatens to violate its high-bred mistress, but she clutches the rusty trigger of an old horse pistol and it goes off bang in his ugly face)—then the black days of Reconstruction, the callousness of the Carpetbaggers, the scalawaggishness of the Scalawags, the knightliness of the Ku Klux Klansmen, who frighten Negroes away from the polls, thus making Georgia safe for democracy and virtuous womanhood and Our Gene Talmadge—it is all here, every last bale of cotton and bushel of moonlight, every last full measure of Southern

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female devotion working its lilywhite fingers uncomplainingly to the lilywhite bone.

But even though the legend is false in part and silly in part and vicious in its general effect on Southern life today, still it retains its appeal to fundamental emotions. Miss Mitchell lends new strength to the legend by telling it as if it had never been told before, and also by mixing a good share of realism with the romance. She writes with a splendid recklessness, blundering into big scenes that a more experienced novelist would hesitate to handle for fear of being compared unfavorably with Dickens or Dostoevsky. Miss Mitchell is afraid of no comparison and no emotion—she makes us weep at a deathbed (and really weep), exult at a sudden rescue and grit our teeth at the crimes of our relatives the damyankees. I would never, never say that she has written a great novel, but in the midst of triteness and sentimentality her book has a simple-minded courage that suggests the great novelists of the past. No wonder it is going like the wind. MALCOLM COWLEY.

Two Scholars

The Discussion of Human Affairs, by Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 132 pages. $1.75.
Progress and Power, by Carl Becker. Stanford University Press. 114 pages. $1.50.

IT WAS never my good fortune to be the personal pupil of either Charles Beard or Carl Becker, and long absence from America has deprived me of any claim to personal friendship of an intimate sort with either of them. Yet it is, I think, some measure of their influence as teachers that, at three thousand miles' distance, a book by Beard or Becker is for me an exciting event. There is always in the work of each of them the note that proclaims the supreme teacher. It opens horizons, it pricks into the insurgency of thought. There will rarely be a fullness of agreement; there will always be a yearning for discussion, a sense that had the chance come for mutual exploration, we should have been brought in sight of significant truth. Beard and Becker are divided from me in matters of social conviction by wide barriers of principle. They are liberal eclectics, I a Marxian socialist. They have the faith that, somehow, given time, the reason of man will prevail over his emotional drives. Their sense of the vast complexity of the social scene makes them shrink from the acceptance of a fighting philosophy that is prepared to battle for its faith. They who have studied so many revolutions are skeptical of that in which the socialist puts his trust. Yet it is important for one who has enlisted in a different army to salute them. At bottom, their main hopes are my hopes, their ultimate goal, mine also; if we differ, even profoundly differ, about the road to the goal, the quality of their gallant service to our generation cannot be too generously acknowledged.

This little book of Charles Beard's, like that of Becker also, is no more than a chip from his workshop, a trial-proof, as it were, of an etching the master has not stayed to finish. Yet, in both of them, there comes through much of the spirit they have sought for nearly forty years to communicate to their pupils. We know but little; disaster only can come when we make such insights as we have the test of life and death. Our part is the need for toleration and patience. The future is dark. We can never be certain that the road we travel is in truth the high road. To see the other point of view, to be generous in appreciation of the experience from which it was born, never to relax that curiosity which makes imagination become understanding, to be as merciful to others as one can be ruthless to oneself, to refuse, whatever the cost, the deliberate infliction of unnecessary pain, this, they have both steadfastly approved, is alone to be the civilized man. When you are aware of the limitations of your knowledge you cannot dare to crucify in its name. You shrink from the affirmation of dogma; you refuse to identify your candle's little, fitful gleam with the light of the sun. You brave persecution, certitude, the lust for the battle that takes its toll of life, the thousand cruelties that dignify themselves with the name of law and order. You are concerned, above all, with the simple dignity of individual human personality. The one law of life for you is never willingly to submit to whatever may invade or frustrate the chances of its ample fulfilment.

So at least I read, not merely the lesson of these two little books, but, even more, the impact of the score of others they have given to our time. For want of a better name I call it liberalism. In part, at least, it is the enemy of conservatism since it is merciless to vested interest that opposes privilege to change. In part, also, it is the enemy of revolution since it knows with keen awareness not only the grim price revolution exacts, but, also, how easily the method of violent change enters into the end at which chance aims and transforms it to its own grim image. It is constantly friendly to innovation since it knows that adaptation is the law of life; but it is fearful of all innovation that is built upon a universal formula, since history has shown it how little hope there is of resolving our complex life into a formula compatible with the facts.

For forty years Charles Beard and Carl Becker in printed book and spoken lecture have been impressing this attitude upon the student-world of the United States. How wide or deep their influence has gone I have no means of knowing. Of it at least I can say two things. I can imagine, first, few things by which I could be more profoundly disturbed than by the knowledge that the standards of scholarship of any book of mine were such as to elicit their condemnation. For they have a scrupulosity, a sense of honor, an imaginative power to seize the significant, which makes their judgment a criterion of worth as sure as any I know. And, second, nothing is more splendid in their record than the enemies they have been willing to make. The one-idea fanatics, the men who serve power rather than truth, the professional zealots of persecution, the servants of grasping privilege, these have always united to declare Beard and Becker dangerous men. They have gone serenely on their way, never altering by a hair's breadth the conduct to which they have held themselves bound. They have put down the attacks to that knowledge the historian can never escape, namely that men who deal with the ultimate questions, who criticize the idols of their generation, can have no hope of escaping the angry clamor of those who seek to obscure the truth in their own self-interest.

Neither Beard nor Becker has ever written a great book in the sense, to take their own profession, that Tocqueville wrote a great book, or Gibbon, or Maitland. To write a book of the order that is an event is, after all, rarely given to more than two or three men in each generation. But each of them has written deeply significant books, of the kind that reopens fundamental debates, that asks old questions in a new and vital way. I can tell of students to whom Beard's studies of the first generation of United States history have been an epoch in their lives; and it was only a few months ago that one of the most eminent of living French scholars told me that Becker's study of the eighteenth-century philosophers was the wisest book ever written upon that exciting theme. Their books, in a word, have opened gates to understanding that before were closed,

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have pointed roads to achievement that before seemed hardly possible. No scholar worthy of his profession could ask for more.

They have labored at the discovery of truth; they have worked always at subjects of living significance; they have never been afraid, in that passion for the *inédit* which is the curse of the modern scholar, to consider again the fundamental themes that others thought exhausted; and, always with a generous insistence, they have spoken the truth that is in them without fear of the consequence attending forthrightness in a critical age.

An America that produces men like Beard and Becker, even more, an America that holds fast to their possession, is entitled to the respect of all who care for the cultural heritage of mankind. I know of no examples upon which the young scholar of the present generation can better model himself. I know no more urgent task than that he should do so with a sense that, in so doing, he is striking a blow for the intellectual freedom of America and thereby for the freedom of Western civilization. That freedom is in greater jeopardy than we know. The dark forces of barbarism are on the march; they have stormed citadels in these last half-dozen years that once proudly declared themselves invulnerable. If the teachers of the social sciences in America, especially the younger teachers, approach their task in the spirit of Beard and Becker, there will be no such wanton destruction of the right to think freely upon matters of social constitution as Italy and Germany have seen. I do not say that their emulation of this spirit will win the victory. I do say that by its means they may become soldiers in the noblest army mankind has known since the dawn of history.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Too Poor to Fight

When Japan Goes to War, by O. Tanin and E. Yohan. New York: The Vanguard Press. 270 pages. $3.

THIS TIMELY contribution of the authors already known for their valuable book "Militarism and Fascism in Japan" is a careful and exhaustive study of what will happen to the industry and finance of Japan in the event of a major war. Their calculations, based on the experiences of the World War and on consideration of the objectives of Japan in Asia, show that the enormous requirements of a mass army in a modern major war are far beyond the capacity of Japan's industry and the availability of principal raw materials in that country and its colonies.

In the opinion of the authors "there can be no doubt that at present the center of gravity of Japanese foreign policy is preparation for a war against the Soviet Union." But at the same time they stress the fact that even this stage of the struggle entails the development of Japanese aggression in China and in the whole of the Pacific. There are three reasons for it: the necessity of financial preparation for war by "dumping" on the foreign markets; the necessity of ensuring supplies of raw materials; the necessity of ensuring a strategic rear. Certain circles in Japan advise against the anti-Soviet war, for they hope to obtain economic advantages by peaceful means; they know of the actual power of the U.S.S.R., and fear that in the event of Japan's becoming tied up in a war against the Soviet Union, her rivals will be free to capture the Chinese markets.

The economic resources of Nippon are very limited. Her national wealth of about 110,000,000,000 yen, her accumulated reserves of less than 7,000,000,000 yen, with not even half a billion in gold, and her national annual income of less than 10,000,000,000 would not allow her to utilize more than 12,600,000,000 yen for financing the first year of the war, which would be about one billion yen short of the total requirements. The balance ought to be found abroad. But for the second year Japan would have to find at least three and a half billion yen in foreign markets, an obviously difficult task.

Even if Japan can bear the burden of a great war for a limited period of time, she can do so only at a very great strain. The effect of that strain "will find expression in the intensification of class antagonisms in the country, which will be hastened by the inevitable collapse of the national economy of Japan." Moreover, "defeat on the front will be a decisive factor in weakening the potential and actual economic might of the country and will hasten the shattering of the class basis of Japanese imperialism."

Thus the question becomes transformed into a social-class problem, for the possibility of standing strain is determined not only by the material and productive resources available but also by the relation of class forces in the country. Mobilization of funds to finance war must bring about inflation, which will, most likely, become excessive, with the result that the lives of the masses of people will become harder and harder. Hence the menace of the rupture of class peace, the preservation of which is the condition absolutely essential if the needs of war are to be supplied.

VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF.

O Genteel Lady

I Am the Fox, by Winifred Van Etten. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

"I AM THE FOX" is the 1936 winner of The Atlantic Monthly's $10,000 prize. Mrs. Van Etten, an Iowa author, tells of a man's proposal, the girl's hesitation and, in a series of flashbacks, the episodes in her life behind this hesitation. Some of the episodes—particularly that of the college music teacher—are good short stories. In the novel as a whole the author shows a conventional gift for the observation and selection of some fresh material, but she seems unable to give it any great significance. Her heroine, Selma Temple, an amber-eyed girl whose nerves are so delicately adjusted that she hates to see a fox killed, identifies herself with the fox and looks on lusting males as the pursuers. Here the theme is identical with Mary Webb's "Gone to Earth," but the Webb book made the analogy convincing by a rich evocation of wild life and a true barrier between the peasant girl and the hunting squire, so that the distraught girl's final flight into the death-trap had something more than merely a sexological meaning.

Genuine sensitivity, as we have learned from the writing ladies in charge of that department, does not express itself over real distress but reveals itself in silent but exquisite anguish over, say, the fuzz on a peach. Selma's sensitivity is even better, for hers is moral. She cannot stand vulgarity. Rabelais makes her ill. Cynicism is the "product of perverted imagination." Excursions (what, more than one?) into Bohemia have made her "wrinkle in disgust the fine white skin drawn so taut across the bridge of her nose." New York is interested only in one's virginity, whereas her own concern is "attending concerts and seeing plays." She travels with her brother and two young men, repairers for an insurance company, among the Iowa tenant farmers, and is shocked to hear men using "not picturesque profanity," which she could excuse, but "language

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that would make a dock-rat blush." Nor can she sympathize with the starving women, for they are dull-eyed slatterns who refuse to brighten their empty tables with a bit of chintz, leave their yards strewn with rubbish, ignore the Garden Club of America, prefer a chicken to a dahlia. The Fergusons are so sanitary and grammatical she is surprised to find they too are tenant farmers. They had mortgaged one farm to buy another, then lost them both. "Too bad, thought Selma," and is off for a romp with the boys. She is really stirred by a farm filled with hungry dogs and cats, however, and the tender-hearted girl weeps freely.

"Cool and inscrutable, with the eyes of a fed cat," with a "lovely skeleton" and red hair, the fox-girl makes us wonder whether her prize came from the Atlantic City Novel Committee or The Atlantic Monthly Beauty Judges. It may strike the reader, too, that the pursuit theme is a little exaggerated. The girl works pretty hard to put herself ahead of the hunters but not too far ahead. When the men pull her into their arms, their voices "a little husky" or "thick," her flesh recoils but she never struggles, since "she didn't want to overemphasize the situation." This fear of overemphasis leads her, as it has led less sensitive heroines under less distinguished auspices, into the arms of her fortunate employer.

DAWN POWELL.

Murry: The Long Search

The Autobiography of John Middleton Murry: Between Two Worlds. New York: Julian Messner. 500 pages. $3.

D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record by E. T. Introduction by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Knight Publications. 223 pages. $2.50.

IT HAS been the gruesome fate of John Middleton Murry to be torn limb from limb by bacchantes, male and female, seething with the intoxication of Lawrence-olatry. Lawrence's own fictional portraits of Murry, the culling of bitter fragments from Katherine Mansfield's letters and journals, the wild women of all the reminiscences—"the rout that made the hideous roar"—all have merged to render Murry's name and personality hateful. When he has been considered by himself and not as a distressing satellite to Lawrence, reviewers have hastened to proclaim their orthodoxy by reviling the man instead of appraising his work as work or penetrating its significance. His "Autobiography" has met with lyric loathing, but has hardly been reviewed.

Two things, however, should be clear. The author of such books as "The Problem of Style" and "Keats and Shakespeare" deserves attention in his own right; and an autobiographer who, at the risk of confusion and imputed insincerity and sentimentality, dares to probe himself so painfully should be judged by how significantly he reveals himself, not by our emotions about his personality. His intricate spinning of transcendental subtleties, his air of inner illumination, of having penetrated farther than others into the heart and meaning of experience, are bound to be labeled charlatanism. Murry knows these risks, for he has an acute self-conscious awareness, an almost painfully minute analysis of thought and feeling. He does not glorify himself. The ambiguity of his relation to Lawrence, his failure to understand and respond to Katherine's emotional needs, and many other evidences of weakness and self-deception are dragged into consciousness and dissected, in no spiritual masochism, but as parts of a pattern by which Murry is trying to analyze himself.

That pattern is, in essence, the search for a home, a spiritual haven, and the struggle to achieve a personality. The precocious child of a poor clerk, he was subjected by his father to an educational forced-feeding that led to scholarships and Cambridge and uprooted him from his own class without transplanting him safely to another. His yearnings for dignity and assurance brought about his youthful inability to admit ignorance, his desire to ape the coloration of "gentry"; and his longing for the support of affection brought those chameleon changes that laid him open to charges of insincerity. He tried to tie himself to people in a series of loyalties—to Frank Harris, to Gaudier-Brzeska, to Katherine Mansfield, to Lawrence—and to root himself in the personal. (It was at the core of his struggle with Lawrence, who demanded that Murry join him in loyalty to an ideal of purpose that Murry could not feel: "I felt that Lawrence was making a *personal* appeal to me to follow him *impersonally*."

But even in these years when he was trying to achieve a self by personal ties there were the germs of social awareness. "What is the real relation of the artist to social thinking?" he asks in his Journal of 1913; and replies that just because the artist is primarily concerned with individuals he should "support actively measures of the social reformers which serve to give freer play to individualities," a feeling that resulted in his being "carried away by a statement of the Socialist ideal." The steadily deepening catastrophe of the War, and the beginning of Katherine's hopeless illness, gradually completed the conviction that he could attain integration only by transcending the personal. This, presumably the first volume of the "Autobiography," closes with Murry between those two worlds of the impersonal and the personal, of dedication "to an unknown end" and of act and suffering in which the ties of love and friendship had plunged him.

The significance of Murry's "Autobiography" is not in his relations with Lawrence or his failure to understand Lawrence's feelings about sex or blood-brotherhood. It is in the honesty and the almost terrible penetration with which he reveals himself, and the essential picture of his life as a developing search, a groping that had not yet achieved clarity. And in this search for a personal salvation his career is symbolic of the period he traces. The importance of his story is its sensitivity in recording a disinheritance more fundamental than his individual separation from his family: the disinheritance of the intellectuals. In one sense or another uprootedness was the sickness of the time, and therefore Murry's experiences are of almost historic significance. Not a great man, like Lawrence, he suffers by being brought into the calcining glare of Lawrence's daemonic spirit, but in portraying Lawrence as torn by another aspect of that same disunity he no more "betrays" Lawrence than anyone is betrayed by being revealed: and in that sense he betrays and reveals himself.

E. T.'s personal record of Lawrence as a youth and young man has sensitive equanimity and candor, although as the original of Miriam in "Sons and Lovers" her memories might well have been disturbed. Her pictures of the strained emotional atmosphere of the Lawrence home and the youthful highbrow intellectualism—against which Lawrence's later and violent anti-intellectualism was of course a revolt—are vivid against her own serenity. And the convincing account of his inability to be completely truthful in presenting his own story in Paul Morel reinforces the point Murry and others have made: that Lawrence's genius, flaming and powerful as it was, broke down, unable to sustain the effort of its own deepest insights.

EDGAR JOHNSON.

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Big Department Store

A Time to Remember, by Leane Zugsmith. New York: Random House. $2.

HERE ARE characters and situations that any one who really knows factory workers, shopgirls, typists, can recognize and become interested in, without doing duty to a cause. Nate Weinman is a salesman, once prosperous enough to plan for his children a life better than his own. Business gets bad, Nate is put to selling on commission, is let out completely. Aline, his daughter, stops college and gets a job at Diamond's big department store and, by the end of the week, realizes her estrangement from her former associates and her affinity with Doni, Matt Matthews, Duke Moriarity, all the overworked, underpaid, cowed clerks and drivers in the organization. Her conversion to the union, the plans for the strike, the struggle within the ranks, the long, cheerless battle, are credible, as are the situations in the workers' homes and the problems that are involved in the strike itself. Even the enemy, the Brothers Diamond, are understandable beings, motivated by human if not exalted purposes. The background is warm and moving. Anyone familiar with the struggle for advancement and learning made by so many foreign workers will respond to Matt's memories:

> He remembered how he had gone to night school . . . leaping at knowledge as though by violence it could be subdued. He saw the classrooms, packed with Jewish faces, Italian faces, Slavic faces like his own. All thinking: There will be room in the world for us if we learn. Learn what? Just learn. . . . In the warm smelly room, exhausted from their day's work, they all craved sleep, but they craved learning more. . . . Too solemn, too ardent; and with all they had learned, there was still no room in the world for them.

On the other side of the ledger is a feeling at times that Miss Zugsmith has staged a situation too rapidly. Aline's economic argument with her father and his employer sounds like collegiate chatter—which it is supposed to be, it is true—but her immaturity at the time hardly allows for her conversion to union light in the period of one week's work. The illusion of individual uniqueness among young girls is usually not replaced by solidarity and stern realism so quickly as that, unless some shocking experience steels them to it. Aline's fatigue and sore feet are hardly sufficient emotional grounds. The sorrows and disintegration of Nate are touching—sometimes touching in the vein of "Abie's Irish Rose," but this may be all to the good if it succeeds in bringing readers to a book that ought to be read.

Because her book deserves popularity even among the lowest-browed of readers, Miss Zugsmith may not win the approval of esthetes in the class struggle, but here is a novel to be recommended to writers in that field. Proletarian fiction, if there is any purpose in writing it at all—aside from the fact that a classic in that line would be its own justification—should not be written for the few intellectuals who are already converted; it should be about characters who really represent the proletariat as it is, and should present those characters so credibly and honestly as to make readers see their problems. Above all, it should contain enough color and human interest to recommend itself to reading by simple workers and the average reader. "A Time to Remember" is as easy to read and as popularly interesting as the stories printed in the middle-class magazines that go into millions of homes.

B. E. BETTINGER.

Books in Brief

The Life of Charles James Fox, by Edward Lascelles. New York: The Oxford University Press. 355 pages. $3.75.

THERE was nothing of the Puritan about Fox. His private life was an outrageous denial of all the middle-class virtues. His political career was no model of consistency. He opposed the King, but was in alliance with the Prince of Wales. He stood for the "independency"—*i. e.*, supremacy—of Parliament at a time when parliamentary representation was a mockery of democracy, justice and even common honesty. He seems hardly ever to have thought of the common people otherwise than as a "mob." There is nothing to indicate that he ever took the slightest interest in the condition of the working people, who were then known simply as "the poor." But with all his faults and extravagant life and paradoxical career, Fox was perhaps the most lovable personality among English statesmen. His friends were devoted to him, as he was to them. His opponents acknowledged the power of his spell. Brilliant in opposition, he proved most capable and industrious in his brief terms of office. His mind broadened with age, instead of contracting. The storms of the American and French revolutions proved the firmness of his principles, such as they were, and he was the first statesman to put a curb upon the slave trade. Mr. Lascelles' biography of him may not be so brilliant as that of Christopher Hobhouse, but it is much richer in detailed information. It is objective and dependable.

H. S.

Steps Going Down, by John T. McIntyre. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

This is a long novel about hustlers and cokeys and pimps, written with a gift for lively conversation and for presenting quaint characters quaintly, but absolutely static, so that it ends by being tiresome in a big way. The steps going down are an escalator leading nowhere. "From an entry list of more than five hundred novels, 'Steps Going Down' was selected as the American Contender for the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition sponsored by Farrar and Rinehart, the Literary Guild, Warner Brothers and publishers in eleven foreign countries." Our condolences to the judges who had to read more than four hundred and ninety-nine other entries.

M. C.

Broncho Apache, by Paul J. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

Paul I. Wellman has chronicled the white man's relentless conquest of the Great Plains and the deserts, and has always in his writings shown fine sympathy with the Indians. His present subjects, the alert and fiercely competitive Apaches, produced a super-Dillinger, whose exploits were so remarkable that Mr. Wellman has written them into a novel. He is not able to achieve much sympathy for his hero, but the wily Apache would have resented such a weakness. Massai was one of Geronimo's warriors and, in defiance of the terms of surrender, was being carried off to Florida. He escaped from the train in Illinois and without a map or compass crossed half a continent, most of it heavily peopled with enemies. He encountered entirely new and unheard-of obstacles, such as the Missouri River or the vicinity of large cities, but at last he reached the reservation. Here his wolf-like vigilance relaxed and old Santos got him drunk and delivered him to the white people. Killing his guards, he escaped and proceeded to take out his grief and anger at this betrayal of Indian by Indian in

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stealing horses and riding them to death until he eluded pursuit. Thereafter Massai was a terror to Mexicans and gringos and Indians alike. He had to kill to get cartridges and supply his other needs, and he enjoyed killing. He kidnaped women and deserted them to die of starvation when they handicapped his movements. Nalinle, the daughter of old Santos, was his undoing, for she softened him and he could not get rid of her. This story is the equal of Will Levington Comfort's "Apache," and that is praise as high and dry as the Sierras. J. G.

Take All to Nebraska, by Sophus Keith Winther. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This is a simple tale of a Danish immigrant family's taking root in America. After three harsh years in Massachusetts, the Grimsens move to the rich black lands of Nebraska and rent a farm. For seven years they withstand repeated disasters, the father sustained by his passion for the soil, the mother by her hopes for her children. At the end of that time they have so improved the farm that the landlord is able to sell it. Disillusioned, the parents wish to return to Denmark, but find that they cannot, that they now belong to the land that has cheated them. The book is insubstantial, because its style is uneven and its intent confused. Ostensibly a protest against an economic system that exploited the naïve, its mood is one of lament for lost heroic days. But it has the charm of unpretentiousness, authenticity of incident, and pathos that is true and unforced.

S. R.

Contributors

ROBERT NEVILLE for the past five years has been a member of the editorial staff of The New York Herald Tribune. He is a graduate of Columbia University and lived for a time in California before moving to New York City.

HENRY LEE MOON, who was formerly a columnist for The Amsterdam News, an influential Negro weekly, is at present working on the Federal Writers' Project in New York City.

T. S. MATTHEWS' second novel, "The Moon's No Fool," was published last month by Random House. He lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

EDWIN ROLFE was born twenty-six years ago in Philadelphia. He attended the Experimental College of the University of Wisconsin and was engaged in newspaper work for six years. He is the author of "To My Contemporaries," a volume of poems recently published by Dynamo, and is now working on a new book of poems and a novel.

HAROLD J. LASKI is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and has written numerous volumes dealing with economics and political science. His most recent book is "The Rise of Liberalism: The Philosophy of a Business Civilization."

VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF, for many years an authority on Far Eastern affairs, is the author, among other books, of "Eyes on Japan," recently published.

DAWN POWELL, novelist and playwright, author, among other books, of "Turn, Magic Wheel," lives in New York City.

EDGAR JOHNSON lectures on satire and esthetics at the New School for Social Research. He is now completing a book on English biographical literature, entitled "A Glass of Times."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Herman Simpson, Malcolm Cowley, Joe Gould and Stella Roof.

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